A POWER COMIC

IT'S THE MAG WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

SMASH!

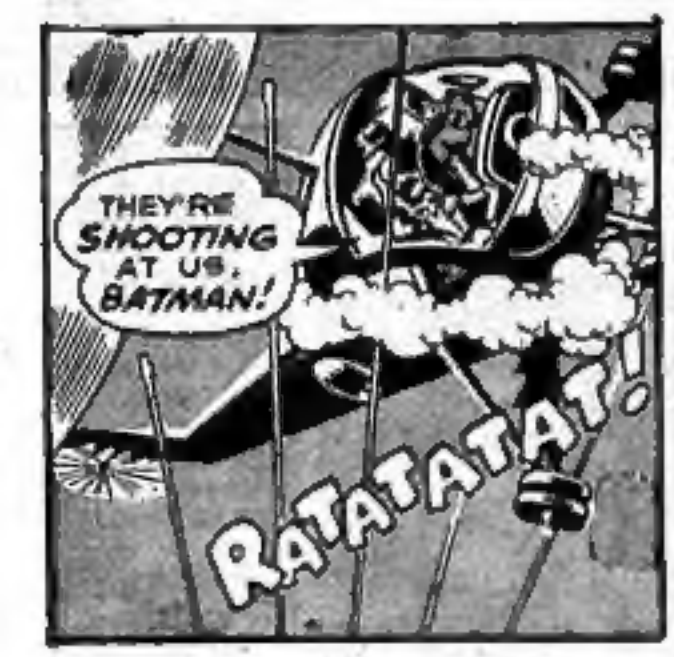
No. 68

20th MAY 1967

EVERY MONDAY

7d

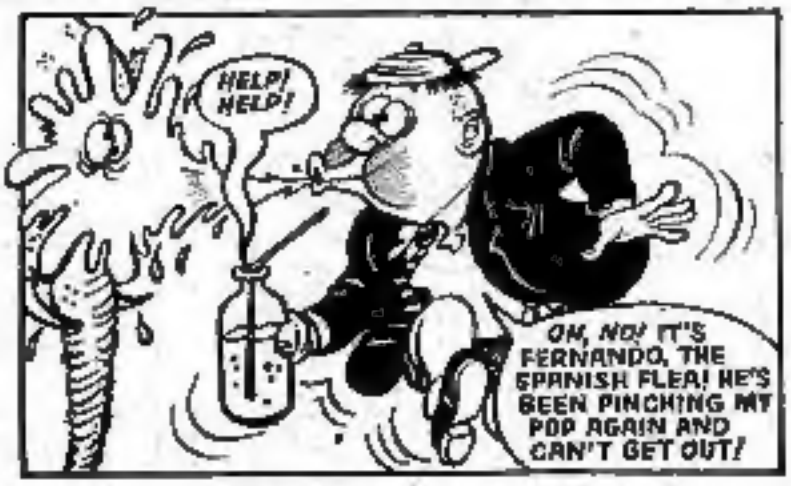
© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967



'SMASH' printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 45/4; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 39/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. $6; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 7d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Percy's Pets

SLOOP!
SLOOP! SLOOP!
POP


HELP! HELP!
OH, NO! IT'S FERNANDO, THE SPANISH FLEA! HE'S BEEN PINCHING MY POP AGAIN AND CAN'T GET OUT!

CLIMB UP THE STRAW, YOU CLOT!

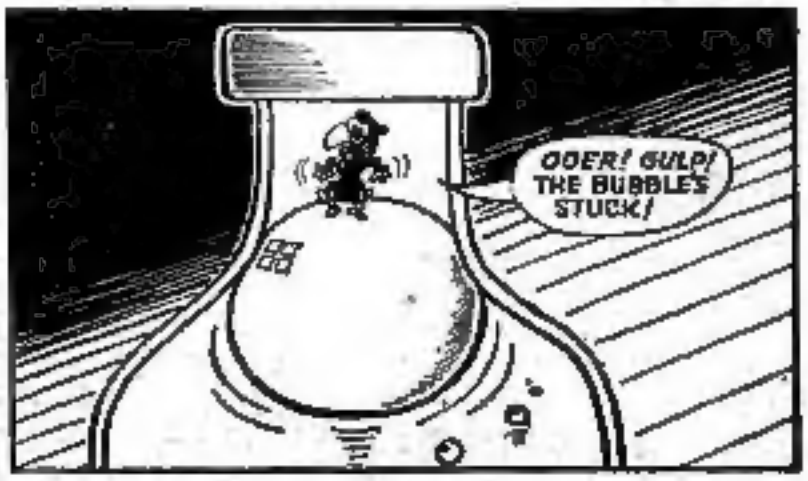
THAT LAD'S GOT BRAINS!

AAGH! HELP! IT'S ALL SOGGY!

H'MM! WHAT NOW? YOU MADE A RIGHT MESS OF THAT, DIDN'T YOU? I CAN'T POUR YOU OUT! I MIGHT DROWN YOU!

I KNOW! I'LL MAKE LOTS OF BIG FIZZY BUBBLES!
SLAP!

BRILLIANT! THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF!

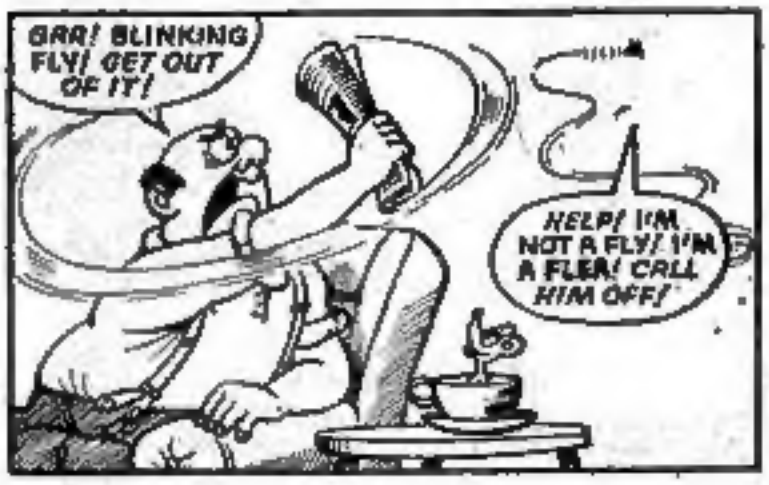

ODER! GULP! THE BUBBLES STUCK!

BANG!
ARGH!
SPLASH!

HERE'S A BIT OF CLOTH, YOU CLOT! DRY YOUR WINGS, THEN YOU CAN FLY OUT!

FLEA FOR TEA AND TEA FOR A FLEA!
TREADING WATER

YIPPEE! I'M FLEA! I'M FLEA!
AT LAST!


GAR! BLINKING FLY! GET OUT OF IT!
HELP! I'M NOT A FLY! I'M A FLEA! CALL HIM OFF!

???
ZOOM!
PLOOP!

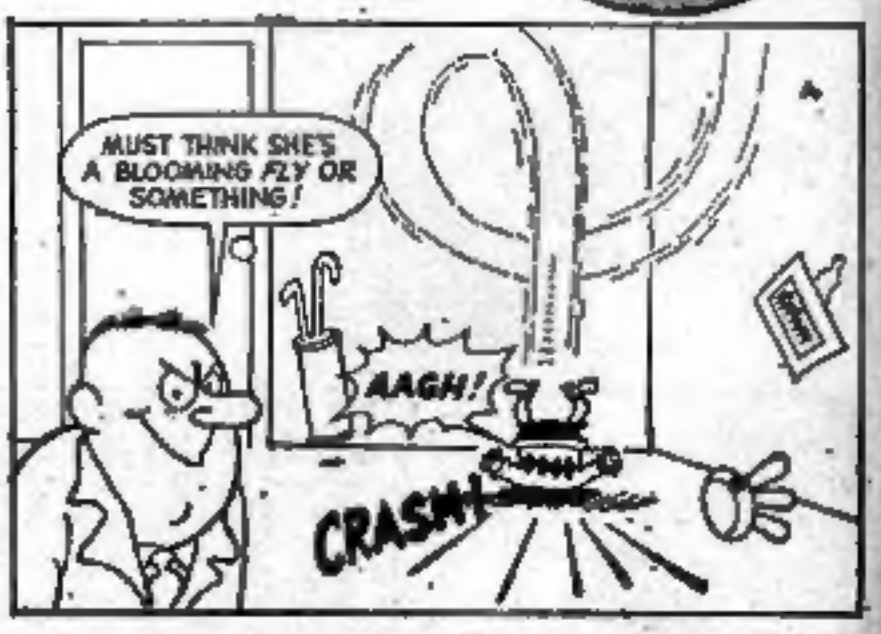
RECKON I'VE HAD MY POP!
BAH! IT'S SAFER IN HERE! I DON'T WANT TO GET OUT!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1967

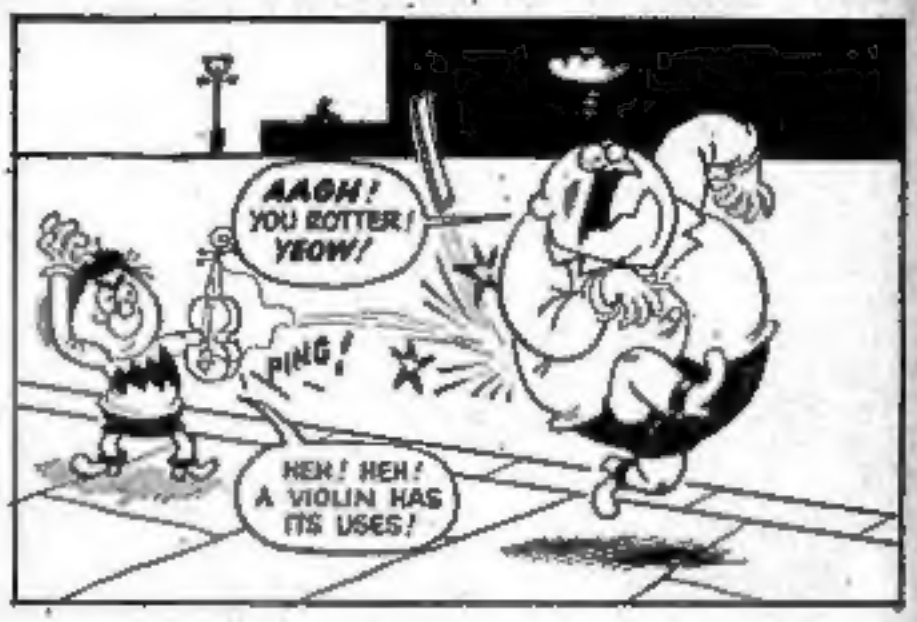
RIGHT, PENNY— OFF YOU GO TO YOUR VIOLIN LESSONS!

NO! NO! I CAN'T DO IT! I HATE VIOLIN LESSONS!


MUST THINK SHE'S A BLOOMING FLY OR SOMETHING!
AAGH!
CRASH!

THAT'S IT— NOW OFF YOU GO, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!
GRRR! BET I COULD HAVE DONE IT IF I HAD SIX LEGS!

HO, HO! CISSY OLD PENNY! EVERYONE PLAYS GUITARS NOW—NOT VIOLINS!


AAGH! YOU ROTTER! YEOW!
PING!
HEH! HEH! A VIOLIN HAS ITS USES!

COO! MAYBE I COULD HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS STUPID THING AFTER ALL!

AND SO...
AAGH! A GHOSTY! HELP! HELP!
WAIL! SCREECH!

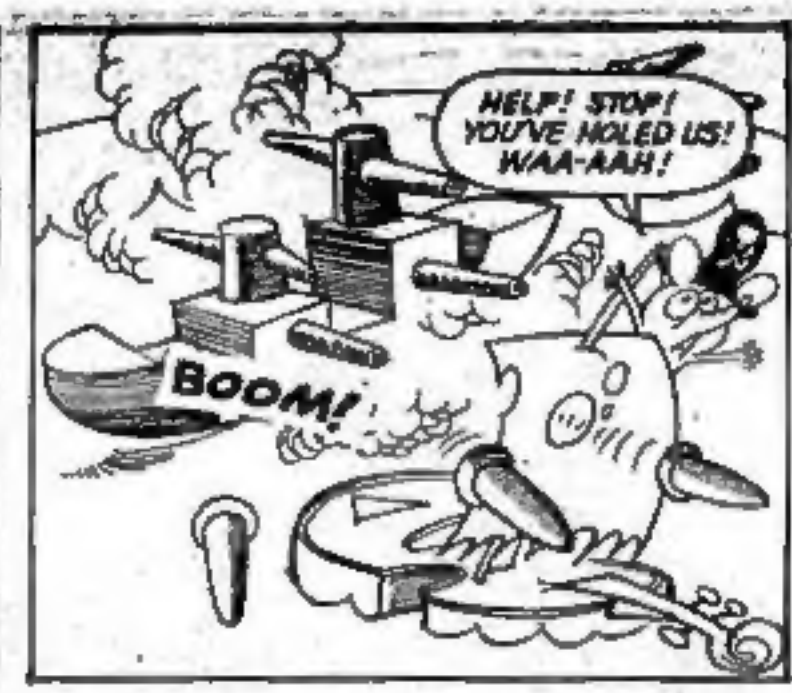
GRRR! IT WAS ONLY PENNY AND HER VIOLIN!
BAH! A GOOD GAG RUINED!

NO MORE OF YOUR NONSENSE, MY GIRL—OR ELSE!
BLINKING SPOILSPORT!

HOW'S THAT FOR A SMASHING BOAT? THE S. S. VIOLIN!
I'M THE CAPTAIN!

HEH! HEH! THAT THING'S NO MATCH FOR MY GUNBOAT! WATCH THIS!

AAGH! MY BOAT'S BEING ATTACKED! CUT IT OUT!

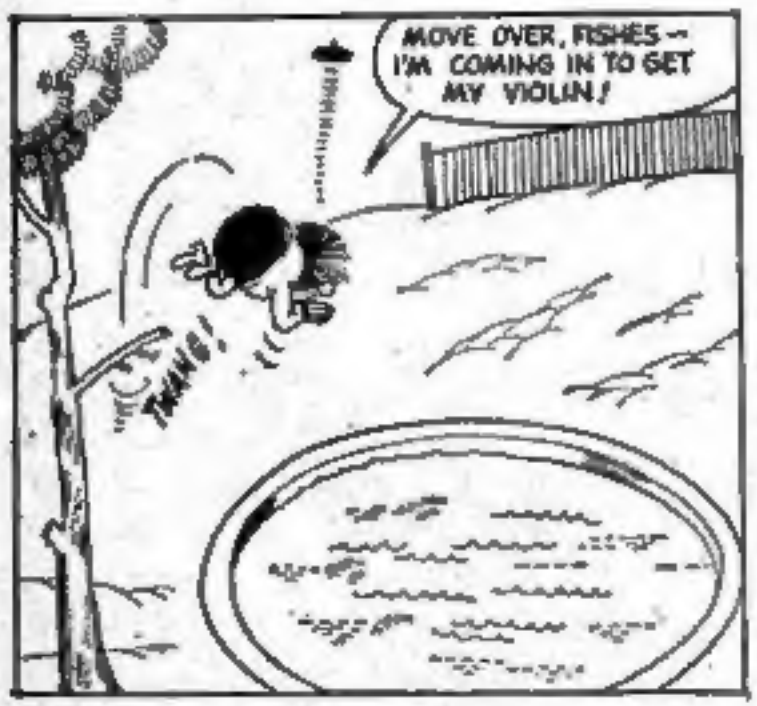

HELP! STOP! YOU'VE HOLED US! WAA-AAH!
BOOM!

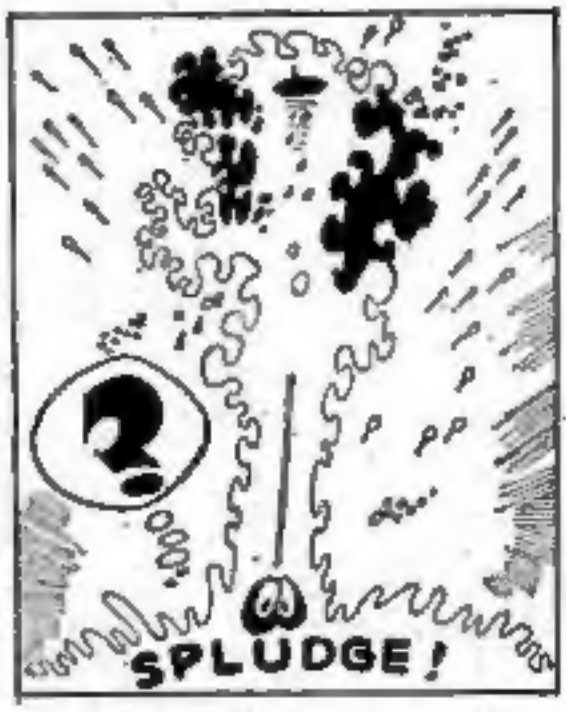
A CAPTAIN MUST GO DOWN WITH HIS SHIP — LUCKY I CAN SWIM THOUGH!

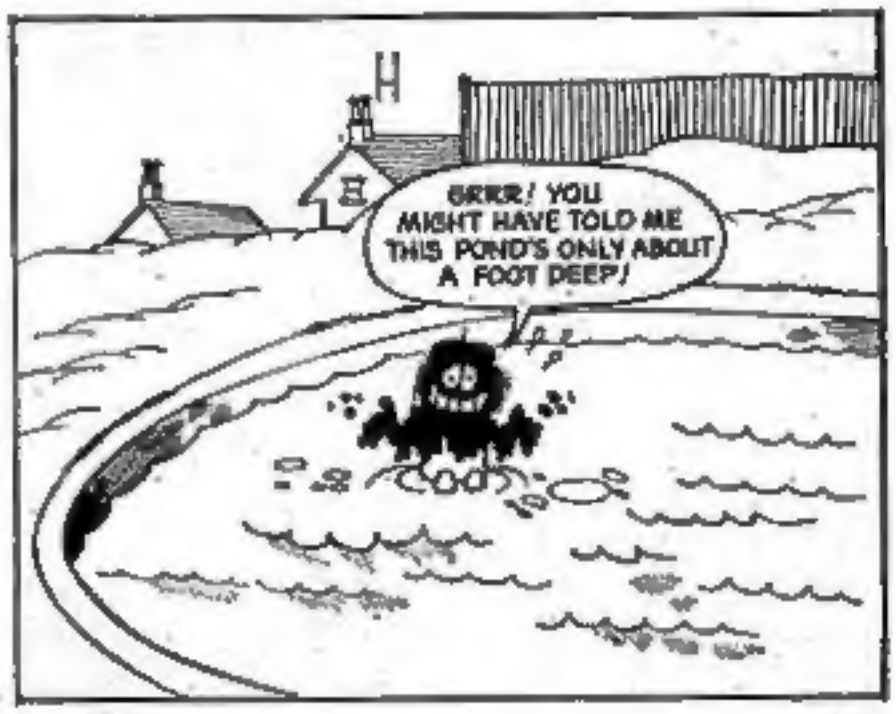
GRRR! YOU'VE SUNK MY BOAT! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, YOU TWERP!

HE WON'T TRY THAT AGAIN! SNIGGER!
AAGH! OOH! HELP! CALL IT OFF!
BOOM!
BOOM!

I CAN'T TAKE THIS TO MUSIC LESSONS! GULP!


MOVE OVER, FISHES — I'M COMING IN TO GET MY VIOLIN!
THANG!


?
SPLUDGE!


GRRR! YOU MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME THIS POND'S ONLY ABOUT A FOOT DEEP!

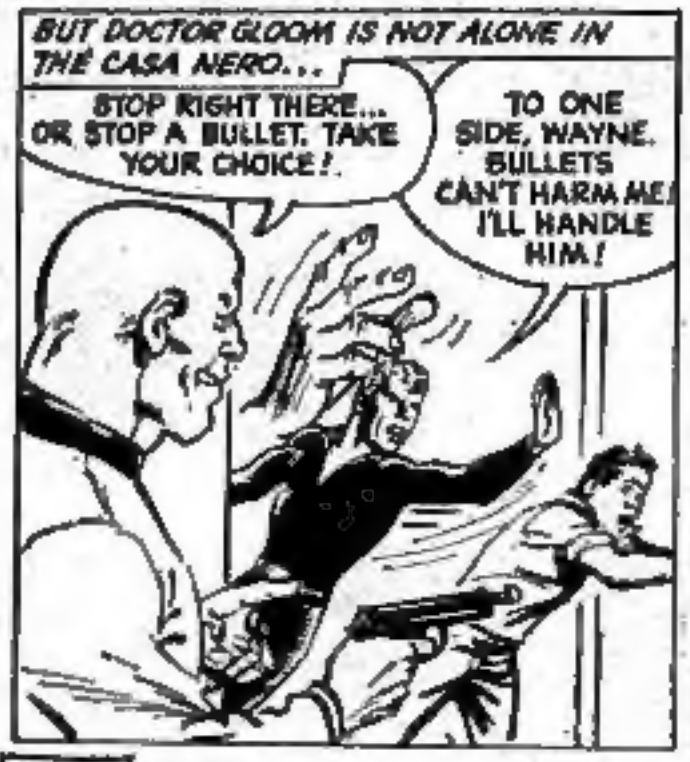
LATER...
GOOD GRIEF! LISTEN TO THAT NOISE! PENNY'S GETTING WORSE! I MUST HAVE A WORD WITH HER TEACHER!
SHRIEK!
EEK!
SCREECH!

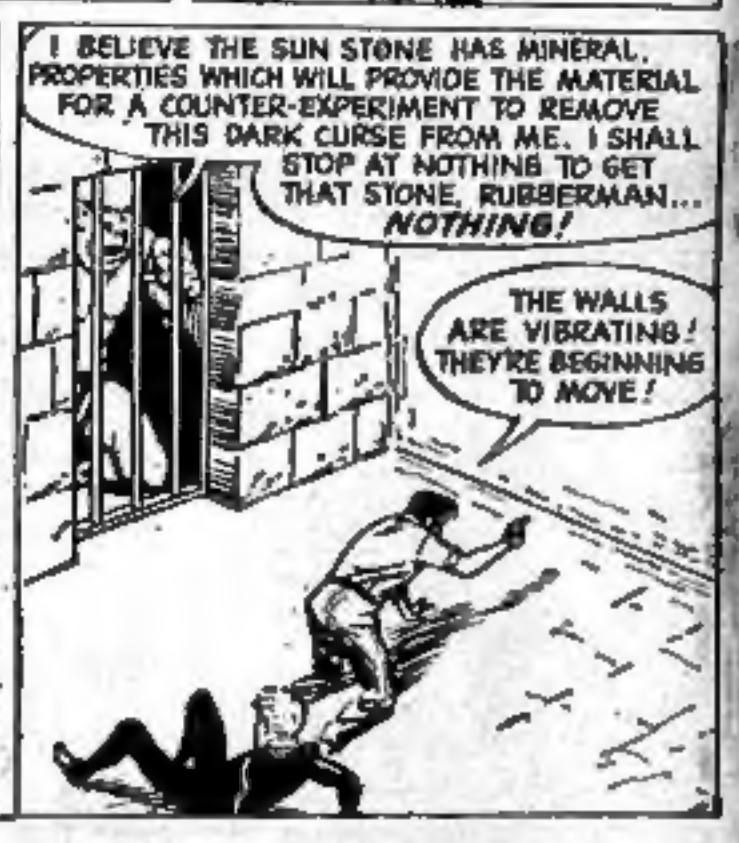
I'M NOT PAYING GOOD MONEY FOR THAT GHASTLY NOISE!

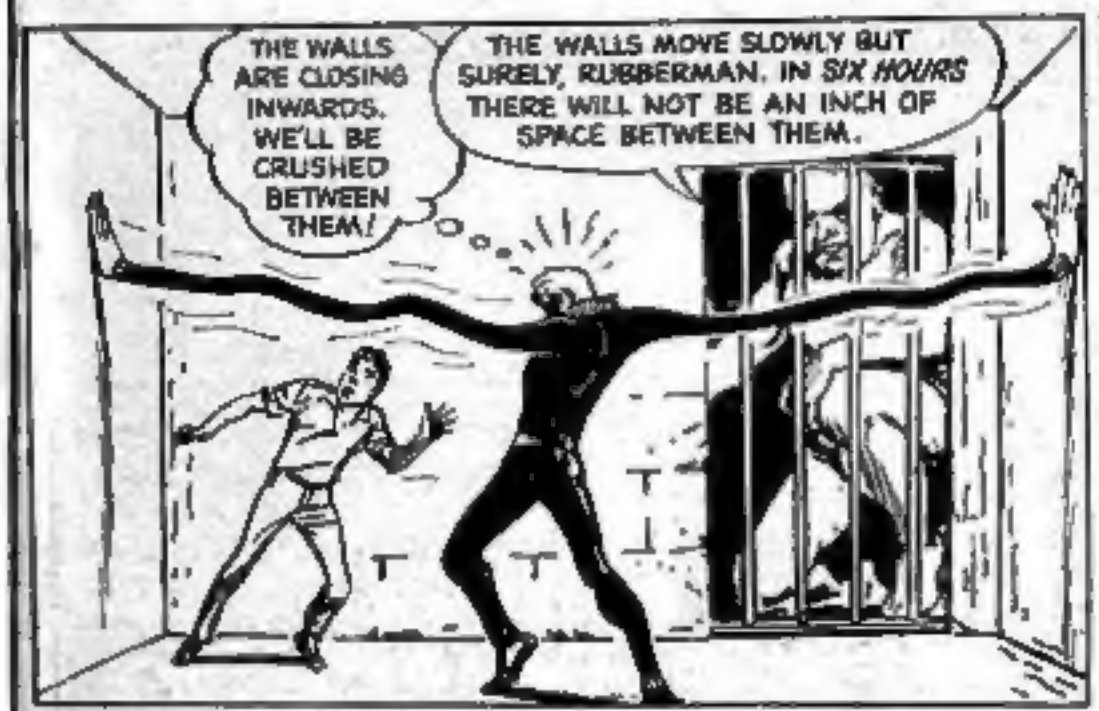
SHRIEK! SCREECH! EEK! THE MONSTER FROM THE DEEP! IT'S COME TO GET ME! SCREECH! HOWL!
ER—HELLO, DAD! IT WASN'T MY VIOLIN PLAYING YOU HEARD! IT WAS—ER—MISS BOWMAN!

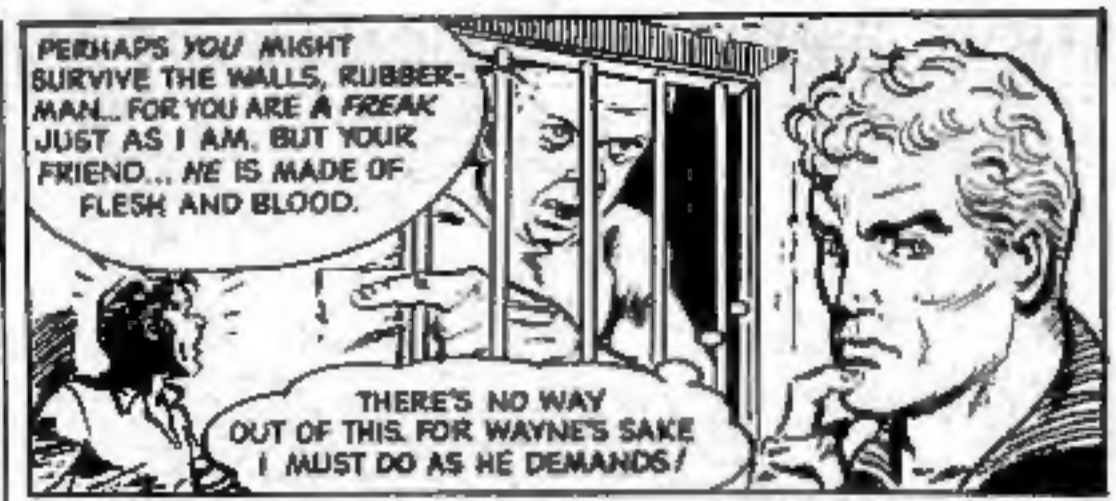
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

NEVER HAS RUBBERMAN ENCOUNTERED SUCH A BIZARRE ENEMY AS DOCTOR GLOOM. SEE FOR YOURSELVES, AS HE LEAPS TO SAVE HIS NEWSPAPER FRIEND, WAYNE MARTIN, IN THE DEVILISH DOCTOR'S FANTASTIC LAIR...

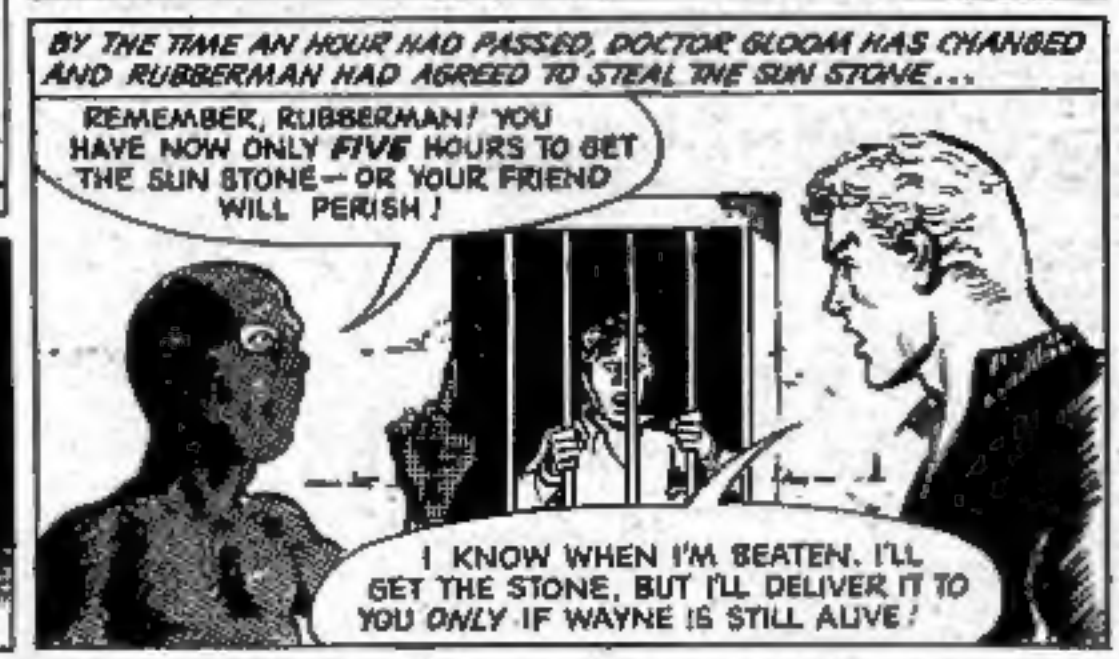





THE WALLS ARE CLOSING INWARDS. WE'LL BE CRUSHED BETWEEN THEM!
THE WALLS MOVE SLOWLY BUT SURELY, RUBBERMAN. IN *SIX HOURS* THERE WILL NOT BE AN INCH OF SPACE BETWEEN THEM.


PERHAPS *YOU* MIGHT SURVIVE THE WALLS, RUBBERMAN... FOR YOU ARE A *FREAK* JUST AS I AM. BUT YOUR FRIEND... *HE* IS MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD.
THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS. FOR WAYNE'S SAKE I MUST DO AS HE DEMANDS!

BUT NOW THE PAIN GROWS TOO GREAT TO ENDURE. I MUST FIND DARKNESS. IN ONE HOUR I SHALL EXPECT YOUR ANSWER!


BY THE TIME AN HOUR HAD PASSED, DOCTOR GLOOM HAS CHANGED AND RUBBERMAN HAD AGREED TO STEAL THE SUN STONE...
REMEMBER, RUBBERMAN! YOU HAVE NOW ONLY *FIVE* HOURS TO GET THE SUN STONE—OR YOUR FRIEND WILL PERISH!
I KNOW WHEN I'M BEATEN. I'LL GET THE STONE, BUT I'LL DELIVER IT TO YOU *ONLY* IF WAYNE IS STILL ALIVE!

YOU HAVE THE EQUIPMENT YOU NEED, RUBBERMAN. BRING ME BACK THE STONE ...IF YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR FRIEND AGAIN, ALIVE.
AND YOU ONLY HAVE *FOUR HOURS* LEFT TO DO IT IN, RUBBERMAN...

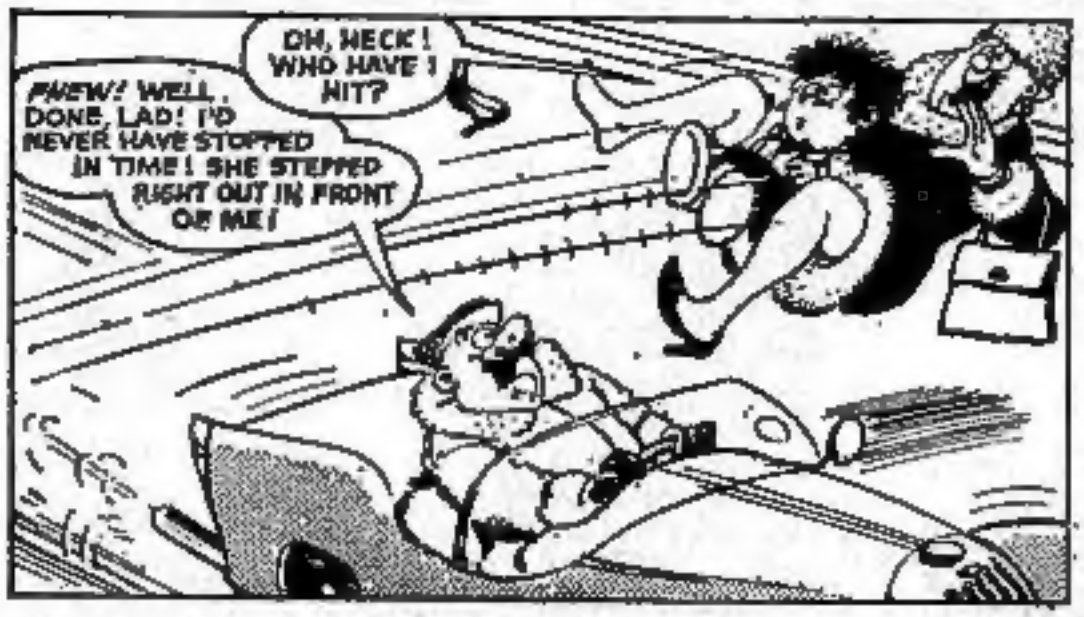
IT TAKES ANOTHER HOUR TO REACH THE MUSEUM WHERE THE SUN STONE IS HOUSED...
GET TO IT, RUBBERMAN. I'LL BE WAITING WITH THE TRUCK, OUT OF SIGHT!
REACHING THE THIRD FLOOR WINDOW IS NO PROBLEM FOR RUBBERMAN...
GLOOM'S LASER BEAM CUTS THROUGH THESE BARS LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER...!

TEN MINUTES LATER...
DONE IT! NOW TO LOWER THE STONE DOWN TO THE STREET!

BUT...
I MUST HURRY OR WAYNE WILL...
OH, NO! THE POLICE!
LOOOOKK!
ALIMENTARI
AND SO FATE PLAYS YET ANOTHER TRICK IN THE BIZARRE GAME IN WHICH BRUCE WAYNE'S LIFE IS FORFEIT! DON'T BLAME US IF YOU MISS NEXT WEEK'S FANTASTIC CHAPTER!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

DON'T get the idea that it's only super-heroes like Spiderman, Thor, The Fantastic Four, Iron Man, Hulk, etc., who every-so-often have to cope with the problem of saving the world from disaster—because this week it's our turn to do just that! As we pen these words we've just been hit by the nerve-numbing news that St. Clements Press, who are our printers for WHAM, SMASH and POW, have suddenly decided to go out of business as periodical and magazine printers! And that means that unless we can find another printer to take up where St. Clements leave off, there'll be no WHAM, SMASH or POW! What a responsibility! See what we mean about saving the world from disaster!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Whilst on the subject of problems, this may be the moment to unburden ourselves about another one that nags at our consciences here in the garret. As you know, much as we love hearing from you, it just isn't possible for us to answer every letter we receive from you—try as we will. So please don't think too harshly of us if yours was one of the letters that didn't get a reply. We're doing our best—but have you ever tried writing with your right hand and your left hand at the same time?

Just in case any POW readers are confused about Nick Fury and Sergeant Fury, we'll re-state the explanation. Sergeant Nick Fury was a commando during World War II and rose to the dizzy heights of a full colonel. Long after the war had ended he was invited to take over the leadership of Shield and when he did so he contacted all his old buddies who had fought with him during the war and made them his team at Shield. The Howling Commando series running in POW are Nick's adventures during the war in his commando days. Get it? We hope so—because if we had to go through that explanation again, we'd be confused too!

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS . . .

John Mills, Birmingham 9; Peter Wainwright, Rotherham; Mary Naylor, Yorkshire; Barry Everest, Paddock Wood, Kent; Kenneth Johnston, Belfast 13; Michael Lancaster, Burnley, Lancs.; Stephen Fawcett, Middlesbrough, Yorks.; Keith Miller, Edinburgh 9, Scotland; Stuart Colley, Sunderland, Co. Durham; Malcom Edwards, Salisbury, Wilts.; Mark Spicer, Leasowe, Wirral, Cheshire; Neil Horstead, Rochdale, Lancs.; Stephen Pearson, Reddish, Stockport; Barry Ardley, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Henry Marzak, Salford 7, Lancashire; Stephen Burns, London N.3; Peter Smith, Kingston, Surrey; Ronald Wilson, Liverpool 21; David Black, Londonderry, N. Ireland; John Young, Dorking, Surrey.

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

SMASH, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alfred and Cosser,
(Bet you've never been called that before.)

In SMASH No. 41 in the first picture of The Legend Testers there was a picture of a fish with spiny fins and black stripes. This was unmistakably a perch, which is a freshwater fish and it was swimming in the sea. This could be quite disturbing to the perch!

In case you're wondering why I've taken so long to write about this it's because I missed that Ish. and a friend has just loaned it to me. I think Batman ought to be chucked out, then maybe we could have Brian's Brain or the Tellybugs back again.

I think SMASH is the best Power Mag. if you ever stop publishing it I won't half have something to say!

Rubberman, Hulk and the Legend Testers forever!

Robert Naylor,
Bromley, Kent.

● *If you ever hook a perch like the one in that picture from a river it would be quite disturbing for you, too, Bob. By the way it took us most of the morning trying to figure out what palace you can view from Bromley. The only one we can think of is the old Crystal Palace...a great, greenhouse type of Exhibition building that was destroyed by fire before the war. Right?*

Alf and Cos.

✳ ✳ ✳

Dear Alf and Cos,

I read my younger brother's SMASH every week, even if I have to bribe him for it! It's a great comic but there's one thing that spoils it and that's the *Hulk's accent*. Why, Oh, why, can't he have an ordinary one instead of either a pseudo American or Chinese one? It spoils the fluent reading of an otherwise *great* strip. Please try and put it right.

P.S. Isn't it time Ronnie Rich gave his money to charity, inherited his million quid and left his space to Batman or Rubberman.

Susan King,
Saltford, near Bristol

● *Sure, Sue, the Hulk's accent is terrible. But it kinda grows on ya, chick!*

Alf and Cos.

✳ ✳ ✳

Dear Alf and Cos,

The AMAZING ability of POWER COMICS to suddenly hit the stands knocks me out! And I know within 6 months—what with Rubberman, Python and a cartload of Marvel Comics characters—you will become the country's leading comic company. If I may, I'd like to make some suggestions which, I think, would help your comic. Let's have more super-heroes from YOU, not American comics. Rubberman has only fought one super-powered villain so far—Jonas Sleech—let's have more fighting from ol' Stringbean. The story featuring Jonas Sleech was great because it was action fighting all the way through. This was the only story in which Rubberman has ever fought the villain hand-to-hand. Dr. Fear—this type of villain—is good once in a while, but don't make it a habit. The present Rubberman Story isn't very good—nor are the Legend Testers. Here are some things I hope will happen soon:

1. You will have a SMASH Special, featuring the Hulk in colour
2. You will have more of your own Super-Heroes
3. Please get Captain America in your comic. Thanks for listening.

Sam Plumb
Worksop, Notts.

● *So you've noticed that the Age Of Power is now upon every news-stand in the country, Sam. Thanks, anyway, for telling us what we're going to do—where did you get that crystal ball?*

Alf and Cos.

✳ ✳ ✳

Most of you love SMASH, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

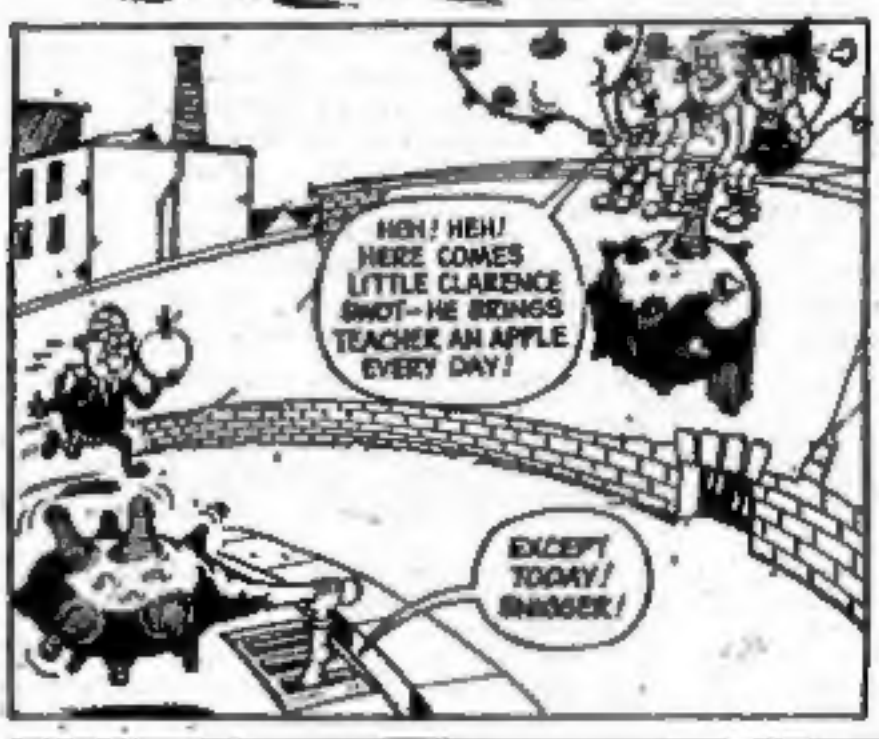
_____

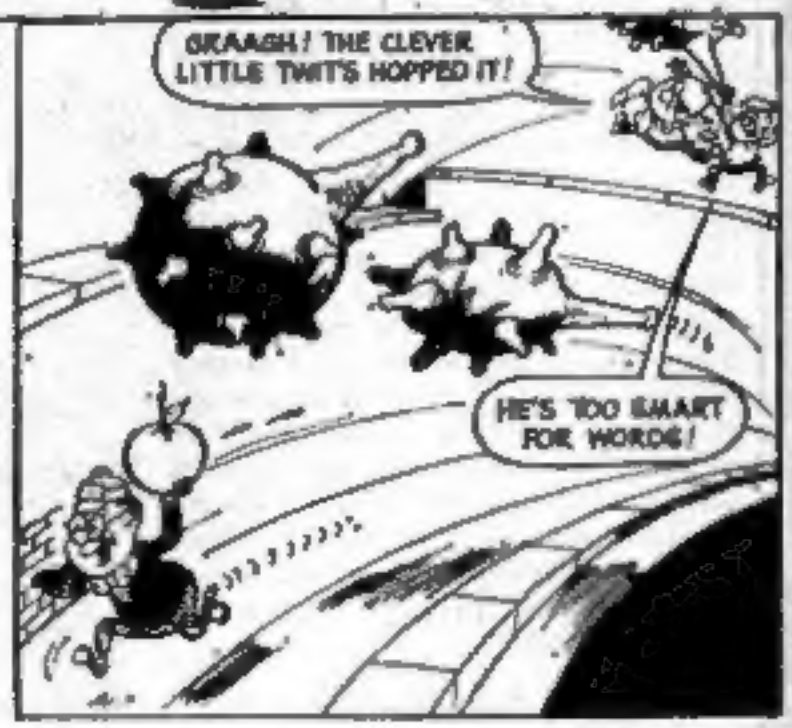
The feature I don't like is:

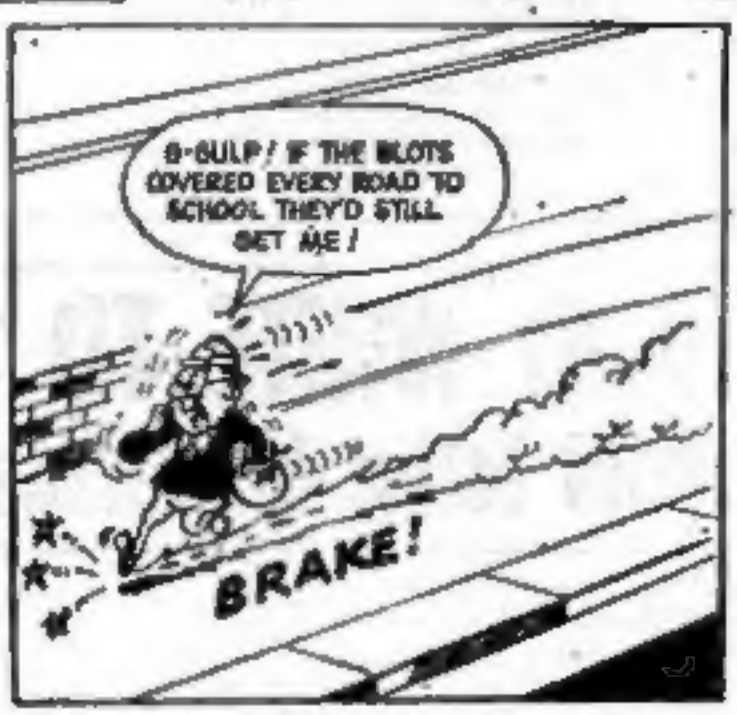
_____

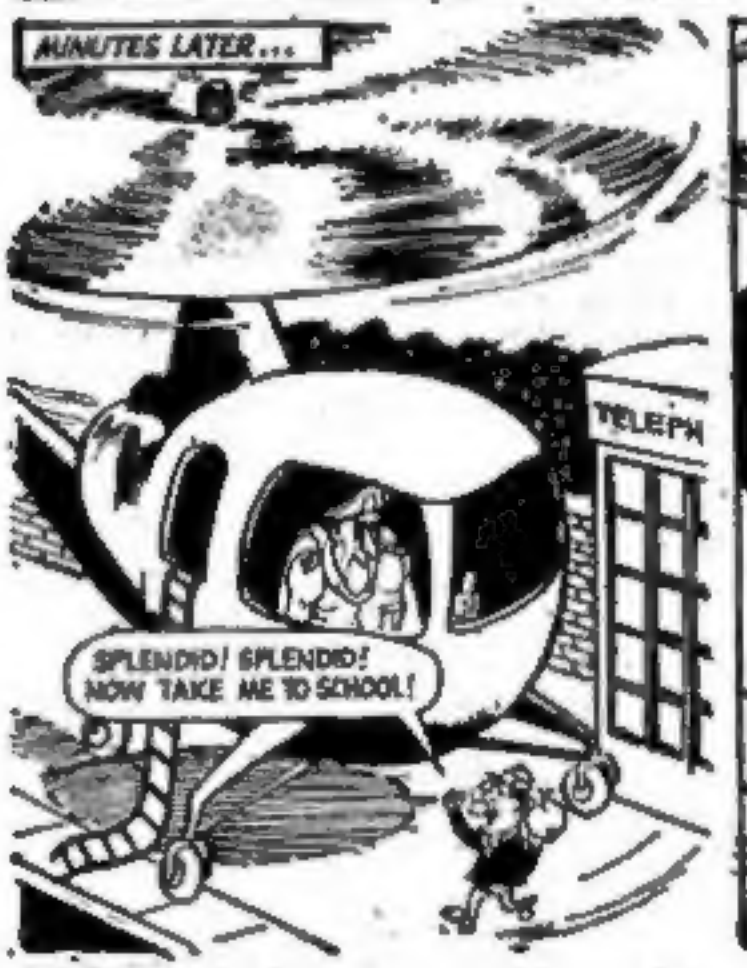
To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The SWOTS and the BLOTS





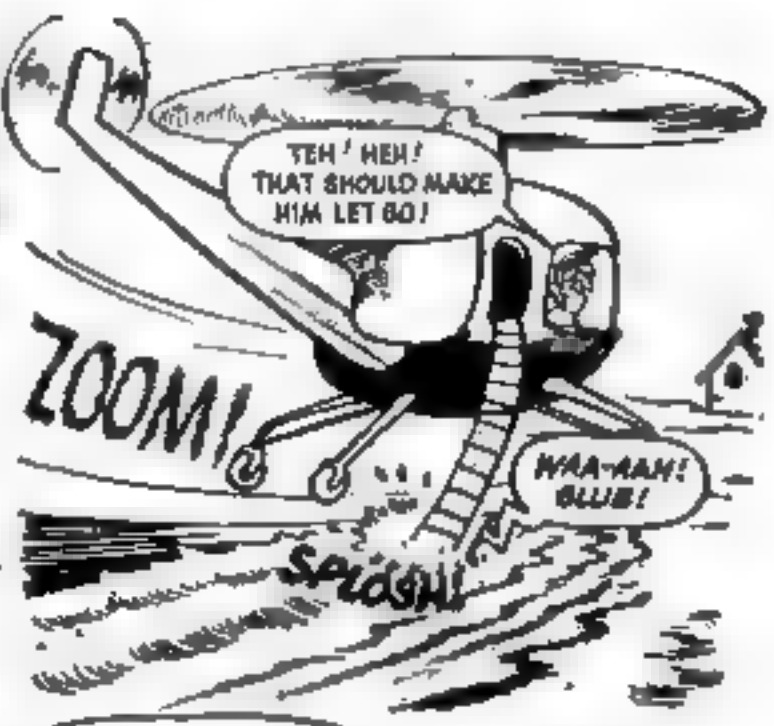




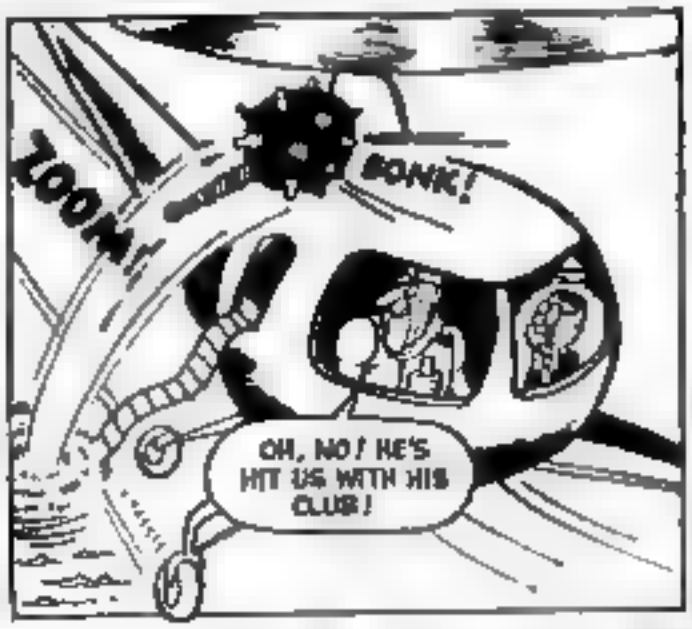
HEH! HEH! THEY'VE GOT TO COME DOWN SOME TIME — THEN I'LL CLOBBER CLARENCE AS HE COMES OUT!

TAKE IT DOWN LOWER MY DEAR FELLOW— JUST ABOVE THE VILLAGE POND WILL DO NICELY!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

AAGH! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHAT ARE THEY PLAYING AT?


TEH! HEH! THAT SHOULD MAKE HIM LET GO!
ZOOM!
WAA-AAH! CLUB!
SPLASH!

GRRR! ROTTEN TWERPS! I'LL FIX THEM!


ZOOM!
BONK!
OH, NO! HE'S HIT US WITH HIS CLUB!

AAGH! HE'S DAMAGED SOMETHING—WE'RE FLYING UPSIDE DOWN AND I CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT!

HO! HO! THAT'LL TEACH THEM!

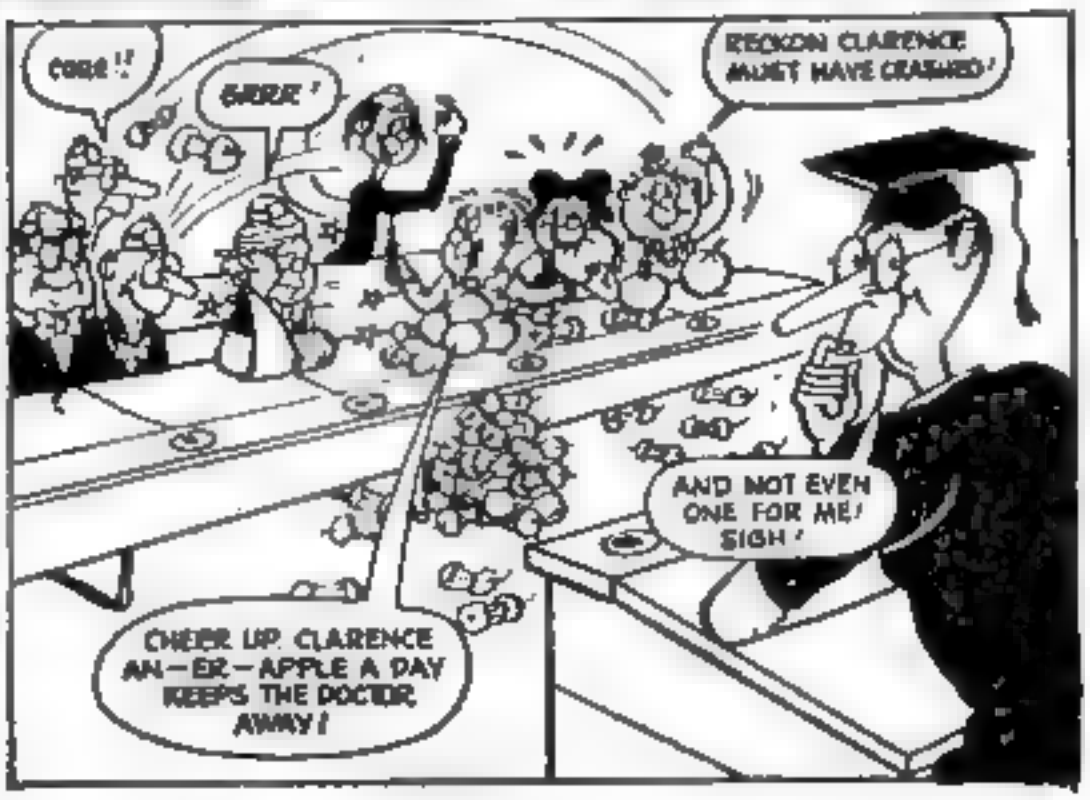
WHOOSH!
AAGH! MY DENTURES!

OH NO WE'VE BLASTED THOSE APPLES NOW!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT— WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH LAND! GULP!

YEOW! WHAT'S THIS? APPLES FROM HEAVEN!
I'M DREAMING! I'M DREAMING! I MUST BE!

HEH! HEH! IT'S NO DREAM!

AND SO
???
SLURP! WE'VE GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH APPLES NOW! SLURP!


CRUNCH!!
GRRR!
RECKON CLARENCE MUST HAVE CRASHED!
AND NOT EVEN ONE FOR ME! SIGH!
CHEER UP, CLARENCE AN—ER—APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

AT LAST! THE HULK'S DREAD SECRET REVEALED!

"BRUCE BANNER IS THE HULK!"

BACK, YOU BRAINLESS GARGOYLE! BACK BEFORE THE MATCHLESS POWER OF THE *EXECUTIONER!*

THE *HULK* DOESN'T BACK UP FOR *ANYONE!*

TRAPPED IN THE DISTANT FUTURE, OUR GREEN GOLIATH LEARNS THAT THE DREADED "EVIL ONE" IS REALLY THE MIGHTY, IMMORTAL EXECUTIONER!

(THAT'S ALL YOU NEED FOR NOW! WE'LL FILL YOU IN AS WE GO ALONG!)

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1968

YOU'RE GETTIN' UP? NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T FIGHT ANY MORE! NOT AFTER THAT!

HOW CAN A MERE MORTAL BE EXPECTED TO UNDERSTAND THE POWER OF ONE SUCH AS I!!! POWER WHICH IS ETERNAL!

POWER WHICH CAN BE REPLENISHED, TIME AND AGAIN BY AN IMMORTAL!

AND NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR ARROGANCE AND THE PRICE SHALL BE YOUR LIFE!

THUD

BUT, NO ANSWER ESCAPES THE LIPS OF THE SAMPHING HULK! FOR HIS CLOUDED BRAIN HAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT... ONE PURPOSE... ONE GOAL... TO SMASH OUT AND CRUSH THE FOLKS BEFORE HIM... TO PROVE THAT NONE CAN OVERCOME... THE HULK!

THUS THE TWO TITANIC COMBATANTS WRESTLE EARTWARD, STILL LOCKED IN BATTLE, A BATTLE WHICH CAN ONLY BE ENDED BY TOTAL ANNIHILATION!

MEANWHILE MANY CENTURIES IN THE PAST, GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS NOT TEMPERED AS EVER, BELLOWS ANGRILY AT THE TEEN-AGER BEFORE HIM.

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, JONES! I'M ORDERING YOU TO TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE HULK! WHERE IS HE!! TALK, BOY!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS GENERAL! I THOUGHT HE WAS KILLED WHEN YOU FIRED DR. BANNER'S T-GUN AT HIM!

MP

AS WE SAW IN SMASH 64, IT WAS THAT AWESOME BURST WHICH SENT THE GREEN GIANT INTO THE FAR FUTURE! HELPFUL ALF

HE CAN'T BE DEAD! THERE WAS NO TRACE OF HIS BODY... THE SHOT DIDN'T CAUSE ANY DAMAGE TO ANYTHING! IT WAS A TRICK... SOME SCHEME OF BANNER'S TO HELP THE HULK ESCAPE!

WE ALL KNOW YOU'RE TIED IN WITH BANNER AND THE HULK... IN SOME SECRET PLANNING! YOU'VE GOT TO TALK! WHAT WAS THE REAL PURPOSE OF BANNER'S T-GUN?

I DON'T KNOW, GENERAL! HONEST, I DON'T!

BUT WE DO DON'T WE? IT WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL TIME-TRAVEL DEVICE!... A

TAKE HIM OUT! IT'S USELESS! HE WON'T TALK! AND WE CAN'T HOLD HIM ANY LONGER! BUT IF I EVER GET ANY CONCRETE EVIDENCE TO PROVE MY SUSPICIONS...

DR. BANNER IS DEAD! AND THE HULK IS DEAD! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LET THEM REST IN PEACE?!

BECAUSE BANNER WAS A TRAITOR! JUST AS YOU ARE, FOR WITHHOLDING VITAL INFORMATION!

BRUCE BANNER WASN'T A TRAITOR! HE WAS A PATRIOT! HE DIDN'T HELP THE HULK! HE WAS THE HULK! BUT I CAN'T EVER TELL... I CAN'T BETRAY THE SECRET OF THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE!

THAT BOY IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE HULK MYSTERY! I'VE GOT TO LEARN THE REAL ANSWER SOME HOW!

RICK JONES! BRUCE'S YOUNG FRIEND! WHERE ARE THEY TALKING HIM, GLEN!

HEY! WHO GET FREE! WE CAN'T HOLD HIM ANY LONGER... ALTHOUGH I WISH WE COULD BETTY!

TALBOT, I WANT YOU TO KEEP THAT BOY UNDER SURVEILLANCE! I WANT TO KNOW EVERY PLACE HE GOES... EVERYTHING HE DOES... IS THAT CLEAR, MAJOR?

OH DAD! ARE YOU NOW GOING TO HOUND POOR RICK, THE WAY YOU HOUNDED BRUCE?

SHE STILL LOVES BANNER... STILL BELIEVES HE'S INNOCENT!

I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, GENERAL! SOONER OR LATER WE'LL LEARN WHAT THE CONNECTION WAS BETWEEN BANNER AND THE HULK!

I'VE GOT TO PROVE BANNER WAS A TRAITOR! I'VE GOT TO MAKE BETTY FORGET HIM... OR ELSE HIS WAGE WILL ALWAYS STAND BETWEEN US!

THAT CONCLUDES OUR BRIEF LESSON IN CHARACTER ANALYSIS AND PSYCHOLOGICAL MOTIVATION! SO, BACK TO THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE WE GO...

BEHOLD! OUR MASTER ENGAGES IN COMBAT WITH A GREEN SKINNED CREATURE!

THE STUN GUN... QUICKLY! IT WILL NOT HARM THE EXECUTIONER... BUT NO MORTAL CAN RESIST ITS POWER!

POINT-BLANK RANGE! FULL INTENSITY! FIRE!

TWEEEE!

HAH! MY STUN BEAM... TO WHICH I MYSELF AM INVULNERABLE!
NOTHING THAT LIVES... EXCEPT AN IMMORTAL OF ASGARD... CAN WITH-STAND ITS BATTERING FORCE!
FOOOM
ACADEMIC NOTE: THE SOUND EFFECT [redacted] "FOOM"! THE THIRD "O" IS SILENT! -- ALF.
WHAT?! YOU BEGIN TO RISE TO YOUR FEET ?!!
I CANNOT TOLERATE A MERE MORTAL HAVING POWER WHICH IS ALMOST THE EQUAL OF MY OWN! NOW MORE THAN EVER, MUST I BATTER YOU INTO TOTAL HELPLESSNESS!
DO YOUR WORST! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? IT'S THE LAST CHANCE YOU'LL EVER GET!
FOR YOUR INSOLENCE ALONE, YOU SHALL PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!
THUD
NOT FOR NOTHING AM I CALLED... THE EXECUTIONER!
ARRHHHH!
SHRAK!
AND NOW... I SHALL FINISH THE JOB!
YOU KNOCKED ME DOWN! NOBODY KNOCKS THE HULK DOWN! NOBODY!
WITH THAT, THE GREEN GOLIATH'S WORDS BECOME HOPELESSLY UNINTELLIGIBLE! SO CONSUMED WITH RAGE IS HE, THAT HE CANNOT SPEAK-- HE CANNOT THINK... HE CAN ONLY... HATE!
AND, CONSUMED BY THAT BLIND, SEETHING, UNCONTROLLABLE HATRED WHICH BEGGARS OUR POOR POWERS OF DESCRIP-TION, THE RAMPAGING HUMAN BEHEMOTH RIPS THE ROCKY GROUND FROM BENEATH HIS IMMORTAL FOE'S FEET USING THE TITANIC POWER OF HIS GIGANTIC BARE HANDS...!
SKRAKKK!
BUT THEN... SUDDENLY...
EXECUTIONER'S MEN... SHOOTING AT ME...!
SOME KINDA HEAT BLASTS... WON'T HURT EXECUTIONER... BUT HOW MUCH OF IT CAN MY BODY TAKE..?!
SSSSSSSS
AT A SIGNAL FROM THE MERCILESS EXECUTIONER, HIS FORTIFIED MOBILE PILLBOXES BEGIN TO ADVANCE TOWARDS THE BELEAGUERED CITY... SHOWERING THEIR HEAT RAYS EVERYWHERE, EVEN WHILE THE DESPERATE HULK STANDS HELPLESS, HIS DULL, CLOUDED BRAIN SLUGGISHLY TRYING TO FORMULATE A PLAN OF ITS OWN...!
SSSSSS
THUD THUD THUD THUD THUD
WHILE, SEPARATED FROM THE SCENE OF CARNAGE BY A MATTER OF CENTURIES, RICK JONES SLOWLY TRUDGES ACROSS THE GREAT SOUTH-WESTERN DESERT, ALMOST OBLIVIOUS TO THE SEAR-ING SUN AND THE OMINOUS, OPPRESSIVE, ALL-PERVADING SILENCE...
WAS GENERAL ROSS RIGHT? CAN IT BE THAT I AM A TRAITOR TO MY COUNTRY FOR NOT REVEALING THE SECRET OF THE HULK?

AND THE HULK IS PROBABLY GONE FOREVER! WHAT HARM WOULD IT DO IF I DID SPEAK THE TRUTH?
PERHAPS IT WOULD MAKE PEOPLE REALIZE THAT DR. BANNER WASN'T A CRIMINAL! HE DIDN'T BETRAY AMERICA!

THE HEAVY HEARTED YOUTH TRUDGES INTO THE CAVE WHICH ONCE HOUSED BRUCE BANNER'S SECRET LABORATORY. SADLY DESCENDING THE STONE STEPS WHICH USED TO TREMBLE BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK!
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT EVER HAPPENED OR THAT IT'S OVER NOW FOREVER!

ALL BRUCE BANNER EVER WANTED TO DO WAS HELP HIS COUNTRY! IT WAS ONLY BY ACCIDENT THAT HE TURNED INTO THE HULK WHEN HE USED HIS OWN BODY TO SAVE MY LIFE BY SHIELDING ME FROM THE DEADLY GAMMA RAYS!

I CAN STILL SEE HIM STILL HEAR HIS TORTURED VOICE, CRYING OUT TO ME ..
HELP ME, RICK STAY WITH ME! ONLY YOU CAN HELP TO CONTROL THE HULK!

I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW HE PRAYED TO CHANGE.. HOW HE BATTLED AGAINST IT BUT IT WAS NO USE! HE COULDN'T STOP HIMSELF FROM BECOMING THE HULK!

AND THEN, THE MEMORY HAUNTED BOY SEEMS TO RELIVE THOSE TRAGIC MOMENTS ONCE AGAIN, AS HIS YOUTHFUL IMAGINATION BEGINS TO RUN RAMPANT ..
I'M CHANGING!! RUN!
HELP ME!
NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN!
SAVE YOURSELF!
RICK! RICK! RICK!

THE HULK IS DEAD DEAD! HE'LL NEVER BE BACK! HE CAN'T HURT ME! HE CAN'T HURT ANYONE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANY MORE, DR. BANNER THE HULK IS DEAD!

RUNNING, FLEEING STUMBLING... MADLY DRIVEN BY A FIT OF NEAR-HYSTERIA, THE TORTURED YOUTH FINALLY TRIPS OVER A CLUMP OF ROCKS .. AND THEN
THAT SHADOW! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE CAVE WITH ME SOMEONE JUST AHEAD OF ME! I KNOW IT! I KNOW IT!

RICK JONES! GET TO YOUR FEET!
I WAS RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE! BUT WHO???

YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME BOY! THE ONLY THING YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE IS YOUR MEMORY YOUR CONSCIENCE!
MAJOR TALBOT! H-HOW DO YOU GET HERE??
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU LESS I SUSPECTED YOU WERE ON THE VERGE OF NEAR-HYSTERIA
THE SECRET YOU'VE BEEN GUARDING ALL THESE MONTHS IS TOO SHATTERING TOO POWERFUL FOR ANYONE TO KEEP TO HIMSELF FOREVER!

GO AHEAD SON! GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM! IT'S BEST THIS WAY ONLY YOU GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST THE NEW BIRD WILL BE GONE FOR GOOD!
I WON'T RUSH YOU! I CAN WAIT FOR AS LONG AS I HAVE TO!

BUT NOW AS WE PAUSE TO SWALLOW THE LUMP IN OUR THROAT LET US AGAIN RETURN TO THE DISTANT FUTURE, WHERE DESTINY IS BRINGING THE MEEK EVER CLOSER TO HIS MOST FATEFUL MOMENT OF TRUTH!!
EXECUTIONER'S MACHINES WILL DESTROY THE CITY BUT WHAT DO I CARE?? NOBODY MATTERS TO THE HULK!
THAT'S IT! FIRE! KEEP FIRING! IN THIS HOUR, I'LL HAVE CARVED OUT AN EMPIRE FOR MYSELF! WHEN I RETURN TO ASGARD, IT SHALL BE AS A CONQUERING HERO!
NOT EVEN THE HULK CAN SAVE THEM NOW! ONCE THE CITY IS MINE I'LL ATTACK HIM AGAIN I'LL SHOW HIM NO QUARTER.. NO MERCY!

LET HIM SMASH THE CITY LET HIM SMASH EVERYTHING! IT'S NOT MY FIGHT!
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS GETTING BACK TO MY OWN TIME WHERE I BELONG!
THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME HERE NO PLACE FOR THE HULK ANYWHERE!

THEN, SUDDENLY... WITHOUT FORETHOUGHT... HE LEAPS...!

CAN'T DO IT! CAN'T WATCH EXECUTIONER DESTROY A WHOLE CITY...!

LIKE A RAGING HUMAN BULLDOZER GONE AMOK, THE INCREDIBLE HULK CHARGES INTO THE STEEL PILLBOXES, SMASHING THEM INTO EACH OTHER WITH THE FORCE OF A THOUSAND PILEDRIVERS...!

WHAM!

HERE I AM, EXECUTIONER! I'LL TEAR THESE THINGS APART... AND THEN I'LL COME AFTER YOU!

YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT RAYS AT THE HULK AGAIN!

SSSSSSSSSS

SSSS

KRRAK!

RIPPING A HUGE STEEL SPAR FROM A PILE OF WRECKAGE, THE RAMPAGING LEVIATHAN HURLS IT WITH THE SPEED AND IMPACT OF A MISSILE...!

CRASH!

THWIK!

MAN! OTHERS TURN... AND RUN!! THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR ME! NO MATCH FOR THE HULK!

BUT THEY MUSTN'T GET AWAY! I NEED EXECUTIONER... TO SEND ME BACK... TO MY OWN TIME!

EXECUTIONER! COME BACK! NO MATTER WHERE YOU RUN... THE HULK WILL FIND YOU!

HOW CAN A MERE MORTAL HAVE SUCH POWER!? I MUST RETURN... I MUST CRUSH HIM... I MUST DESTROY HIM... COMPLETELY... TO BE WORTHY OF THE NAME OF EXECUTIONER!

WAIT! THE CITY'S GATES ARE OPENING! AN ARMY IS POURING OUT! THEY'RE TRYING TO SURROUND THE HULK! PERHAPS THEY WILL FINISH HIM FOR ME!

ATTACK THE INVADERS! WE MUST DRIVE THEM OFF, OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!

THE GREEN GIANT DROVE OFF THE EVIL ONE... SO THAT ME CAN SEIZE THE CITY!

SURRENDER OR DIE, MIGHTY ONE! YOU ARE FAR TOO POWERFUL TO BE PERMITTED TO ROAM FREE!

STAY BACK! NO ONE CAPTURES THE HULK! I'LL SMASH YOU ALL!

LOOK, SIRE... HIS BODY! SOMETHING WONDROUS IS HAPPENING TO IT!

THE PRIMITIVE BRUTE POSSESSES A MAGICAL POWER! HE IS SAVING HIMSELF BY VANISHING!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!? THIS NEVER... WAIT! HOW I KNOW! WHEN THE T-GUN HIT ME! IT WAS THE SAME WAY!

AND, WITH THE HULK'S DISAPPEARANCE, OUR ATTENTION ALSO VANISHES, ONLY TO REAPPEAR ONCE MORE, IN A LONELY CAVE IN THE PRESENT!

SON YOU KNOW THAT BANNER AND THE HULK ARE DEAD NOW! IT CAN'T DO THEM ANY HARM TO TELL ME WHAT THEIR CONNECTION TO EACH OTHER WAS!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WHY SHOULDN'T I TELL? IT'S TIME THE WORLD LEARNED THE TRUTH!

TIME EVERYONE FOUND OUT BRUCE BANNER WASN'T A TRAITOR!

DR. BANNER WAS THE GREATEST GUY WHO EVER LIVED! HE NEVER WANTED TO DO ANYTHING WRONG... IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE HE SAVED MY LIFE THAT HE TURNED INTO... THE HULK!

YOU MEAN... BANNER AND THE HULK WERE ONE AND THE SAME!?

THEN, THAT EXPLAINS WHY I NEVER SAW THEM TOGETHER... WHY BANNER COULD NEVER JUSTIFY HIS ABSENCES!

JONES WAIT! I WANT TO HEAR MORE!

THERE ISN'T ANY MORE!

MEET... Mister Knowall!

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

YOU don't have to wear a Hulk T-shirt to do this trick of apparent super-human strength though it might help. Ask one of your mates to hold out his fists and to press one on top of the other as hard as he can ...now, if you push against them they will separate—however hard he tries to stop you.

But when he has his turn and tries to push yours apart—he CAN'T!

Why? Well, you 'forgot' to tell him that you have pushed the thumb of your lower hand into your top fist!

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do.. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is: _____

The feature I don't like is: _____

My age is: _____

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MAGIC PENCIL

You'll need a handkerchief and a pencil for this bit of Knowall trickery—and if you can borrow the handkerchief from someone watching, so much the better. *Because he's not going to like seeing you stick a pencil right through it.* But watch his face when you hand it back to him undamaged!

Here is how it's done . . . Ball your left hand into a fist and place the handkerchief right over it . . .

Open your clenched fist slightly and push the centre of the handkerchief down into the hole between your fingers with your other forefinger ...TAKING THE CENTRE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF DOWN WITH IT.

Still keeping your forefinger in the hole, open your fist enough to secretly push your middle finger into the side taking a fold of the cloth with it.

Now slide both fingers carefully out and you'll see from the drawings the shape you've made in the handkerchief.

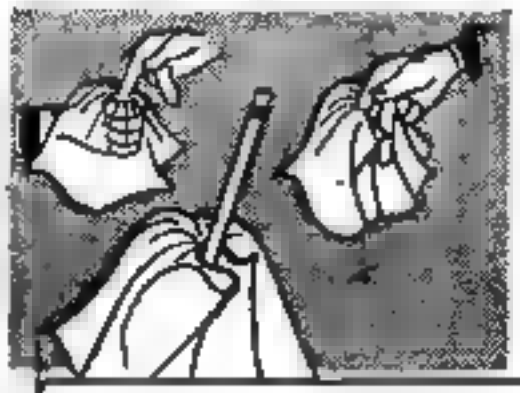
When you tell those watching that you are going to make the pencil disappear down the "well" in the centre of the handkerchief they will think that this is where you're actually pushing it. But, of course, it is actually going down that unseen fold at the side.

And when you suddenly give a hard push and it falls right through, they'll believe it's gone right through the centre of the handkerchief.

"Sorry—I did it too hard!" you yell. But now is your chance to prove your magical powers of healing. Mutter a quick spell; snatch the handkerchief free with a flourish—and there it is all in one piece!

DID YOU KNOW?

The Cuckoo never builds a nest of its own. It uses one already built by another bird and LAYS EGGS TO MATCH THE COLOUR OF THE EGGS ALREADY THERE!



Rising Candle!

Know how to make a candle stay alight in a glass of water?

It's simple . . .

Just stick a nail in the end, and it will stay balanced to float upright—without any danger of the flame being touched by the water.

For as the candle burns down it will rise higher.

BLACK OUT!

A black man wearing a black suit, black shoes and a black hat strolled down a narrow lane just as a car screamed round the corner. The driver skidded to a halt just in time. How did the driver manage to see the stroller in time?

Answer: Because it was broad daylight.

Tell your young brothers and sisters to enjoy all their favourites every week in

NEW Robin

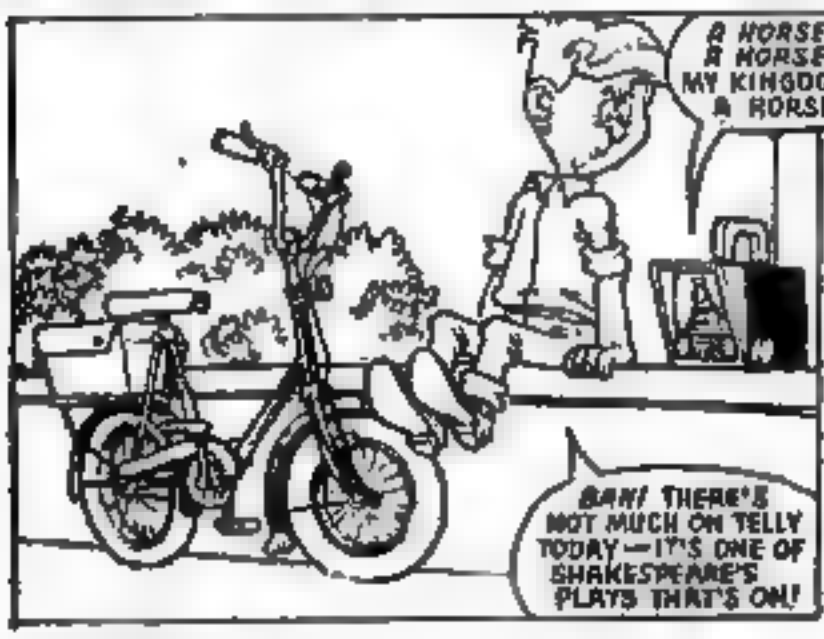
joined by Story Time

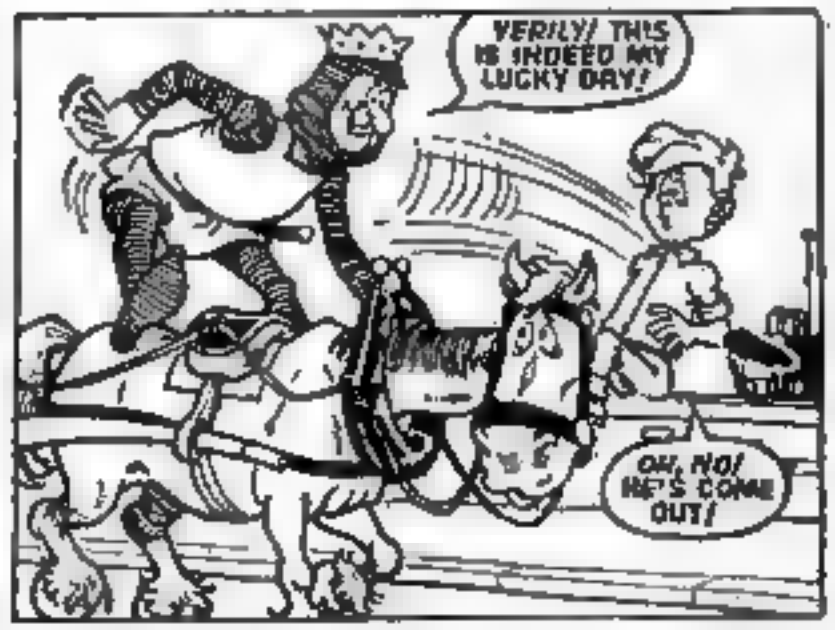
New Robin is bigger and better than ever! With more wonderful characters every week. Andy Pandy, Bizzy Beaver, Super Bear, Nutty Noddle, Dozey Dormouse, Simon and Sally, Sam and Huff, Flower-Pot Men, and a Fairy Story in colour!

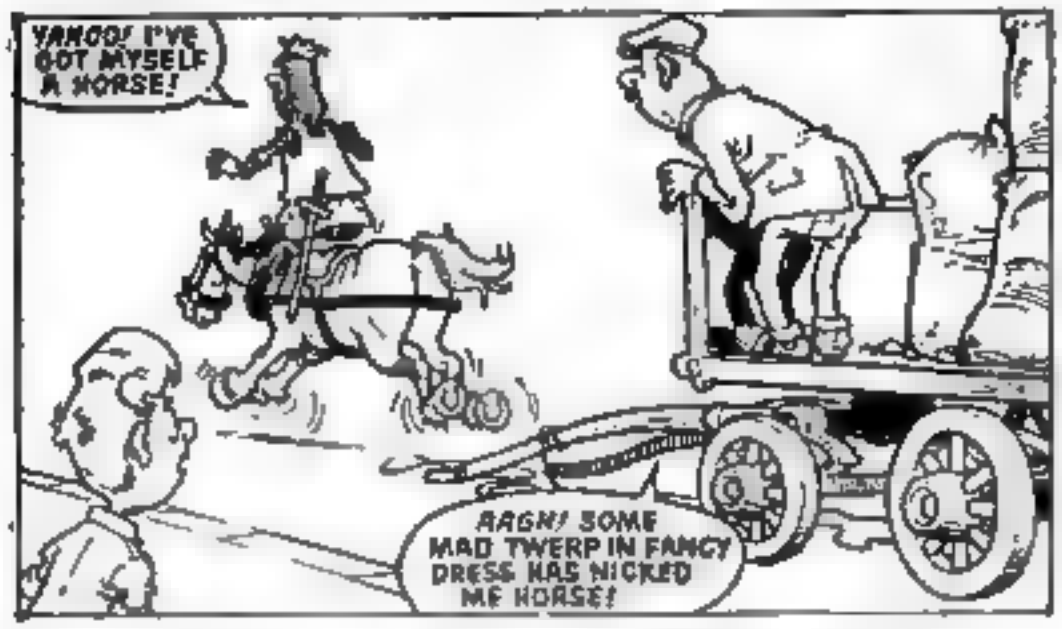
JUST OUT!

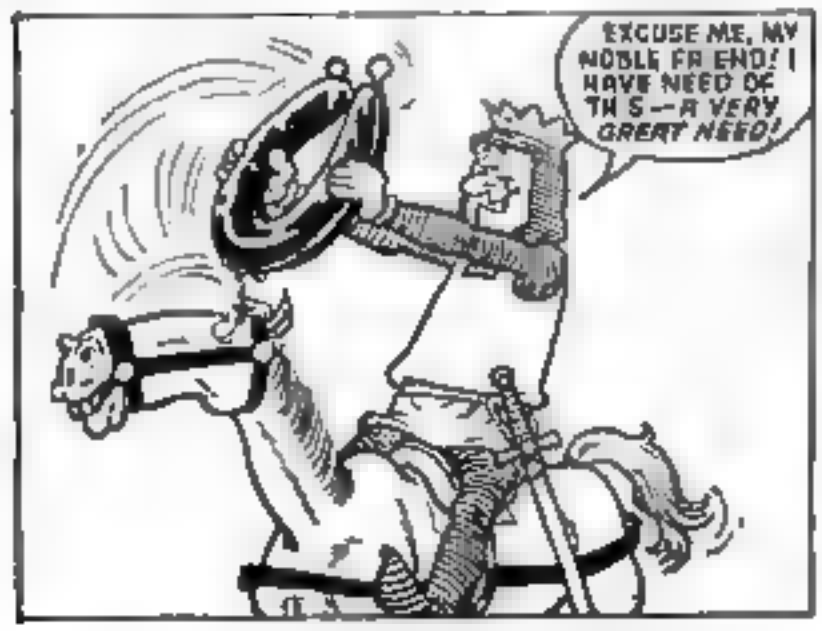
Charlie's Choice

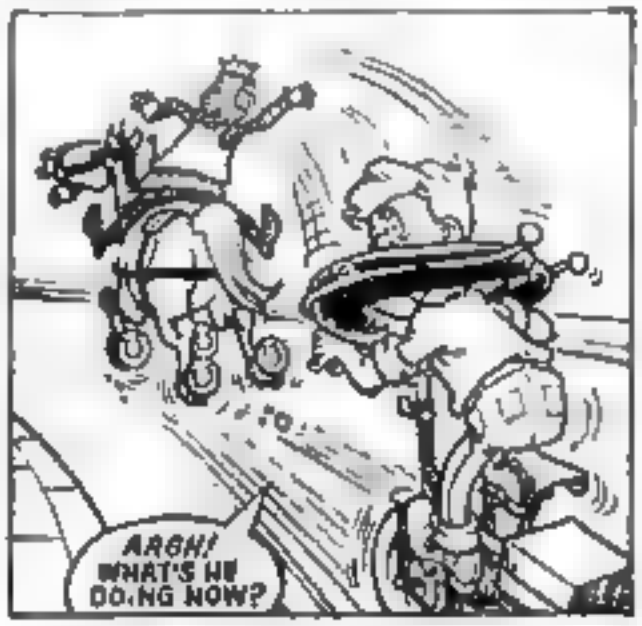
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

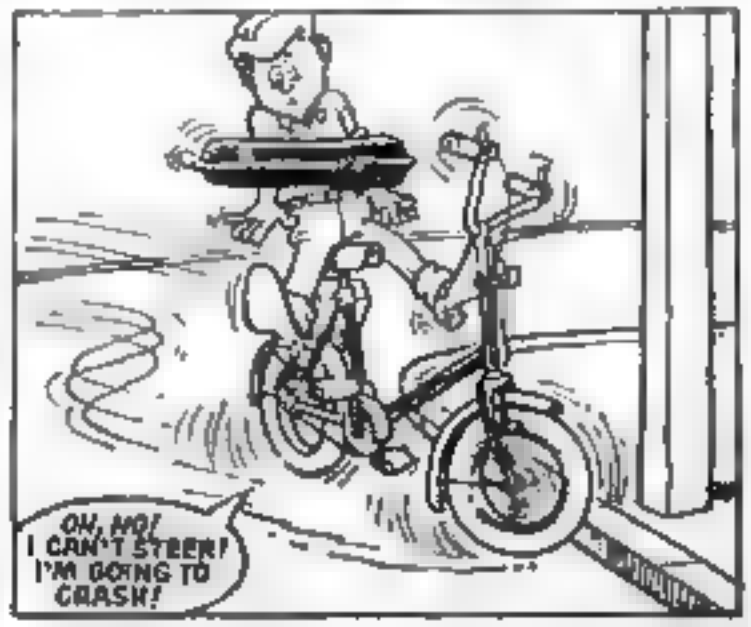


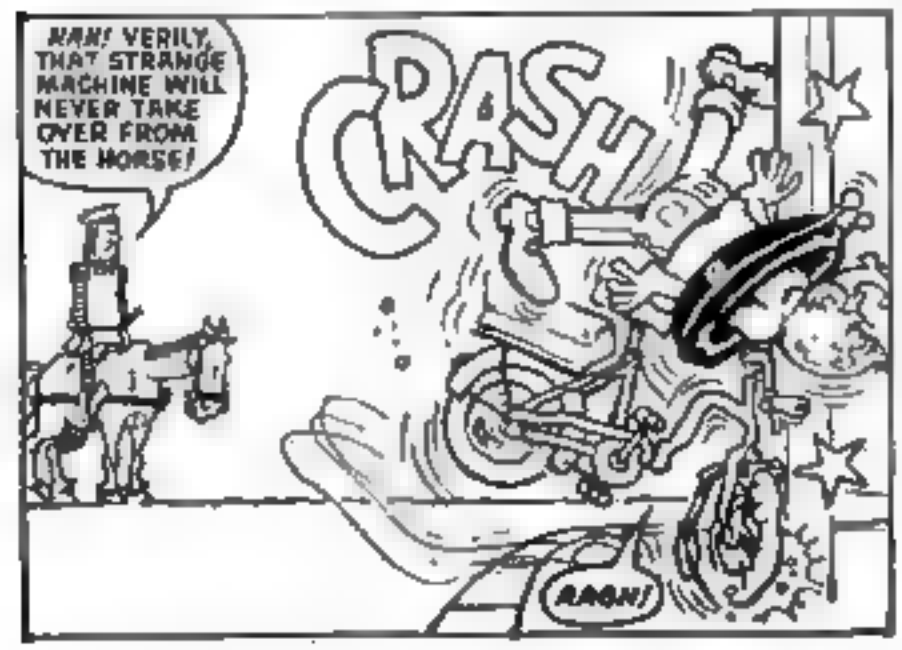


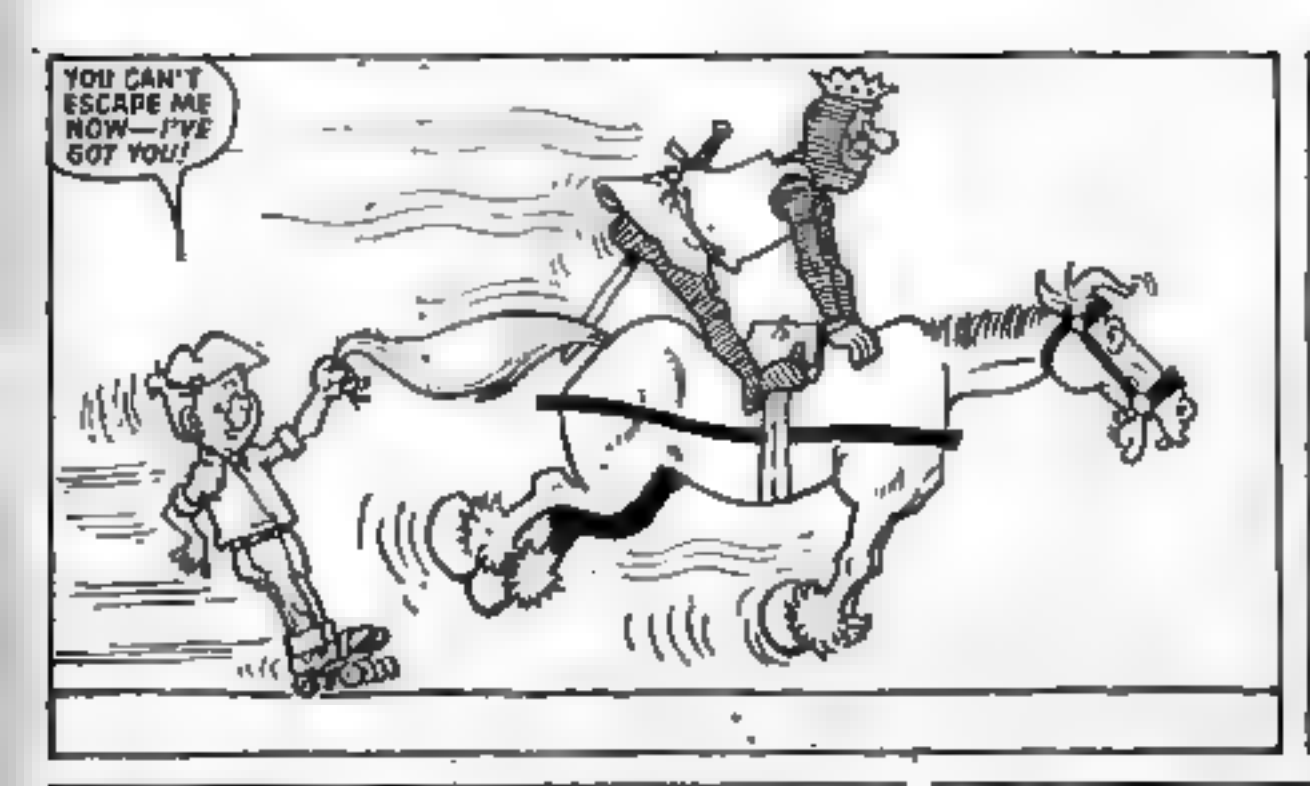




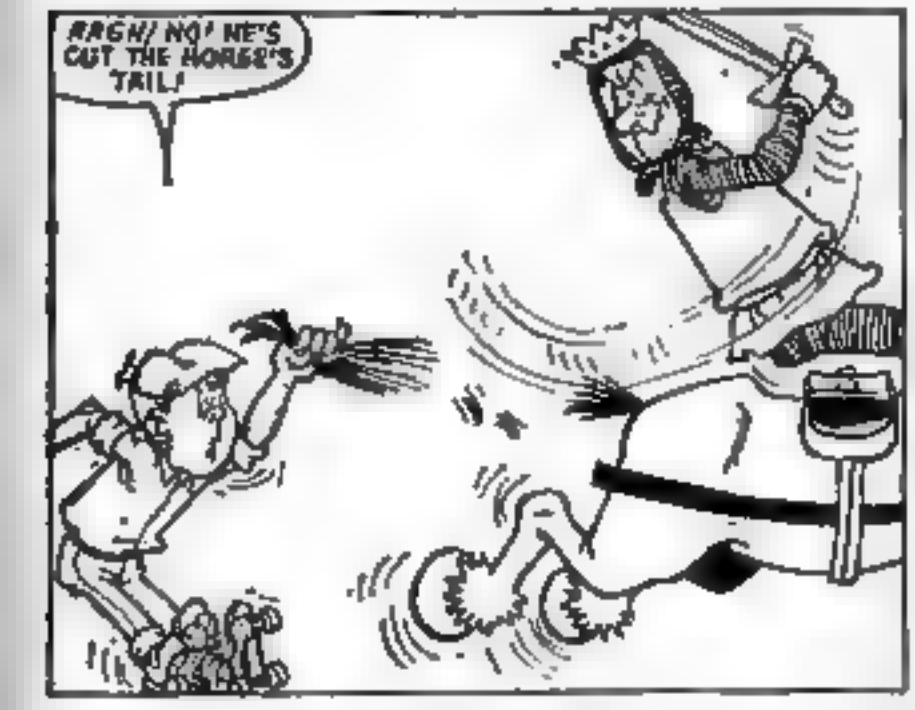




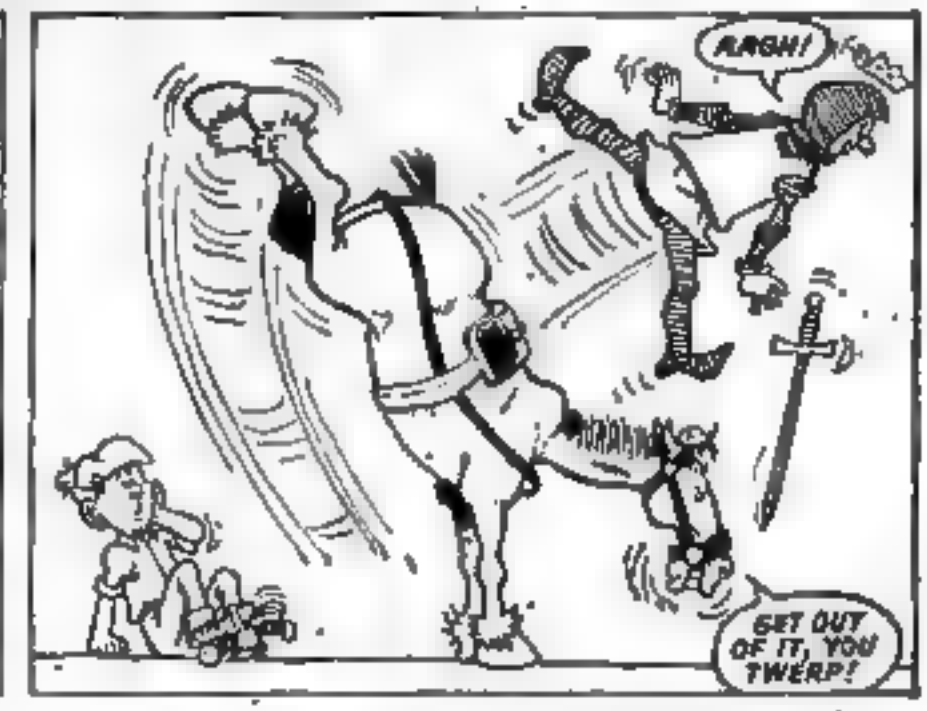


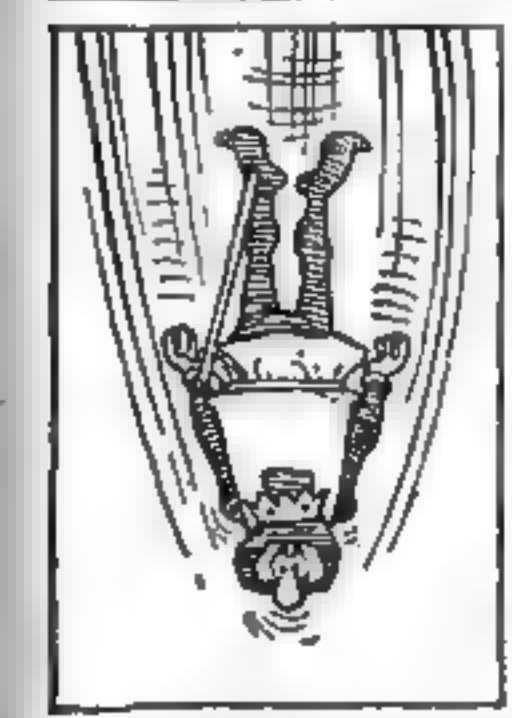

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME NOW—I'VE GOT YOU!

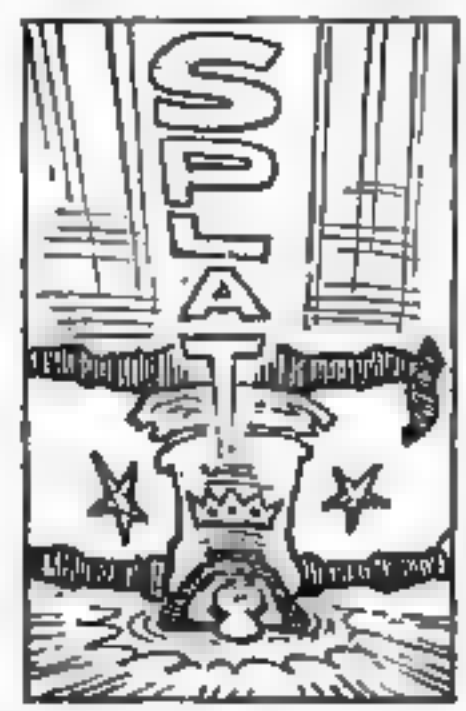
BE NOT SO SURE, MY LITTLE MAD FRIEND!

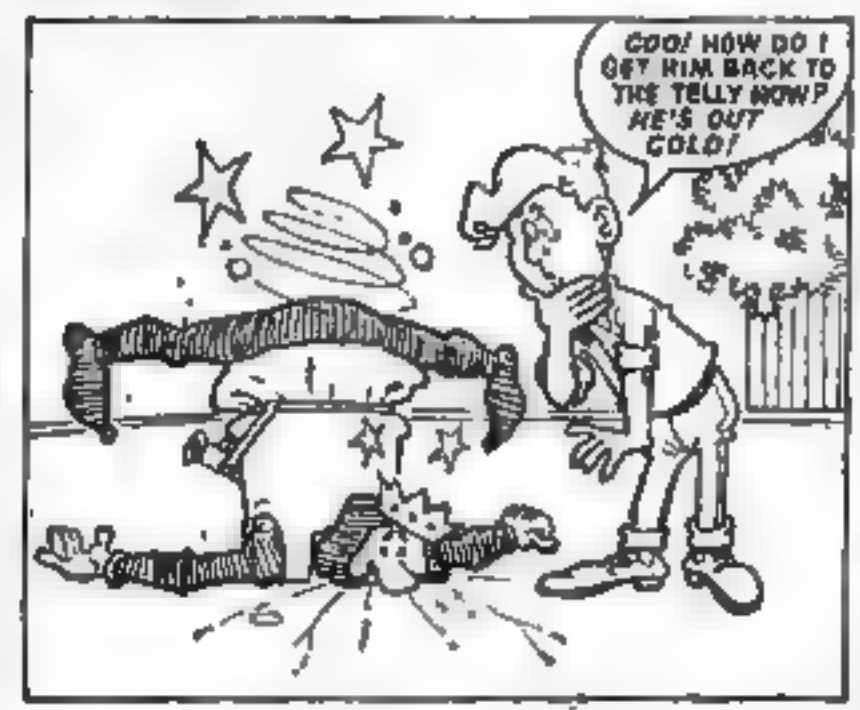

RAGH! NO! HE'S CUT THE HORSE'S TAIL!

GRR! IT TOOK ME TEN YEARS TO GROW THAT TAIL AND THAT TWERP'S CUT IT OFF IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND!

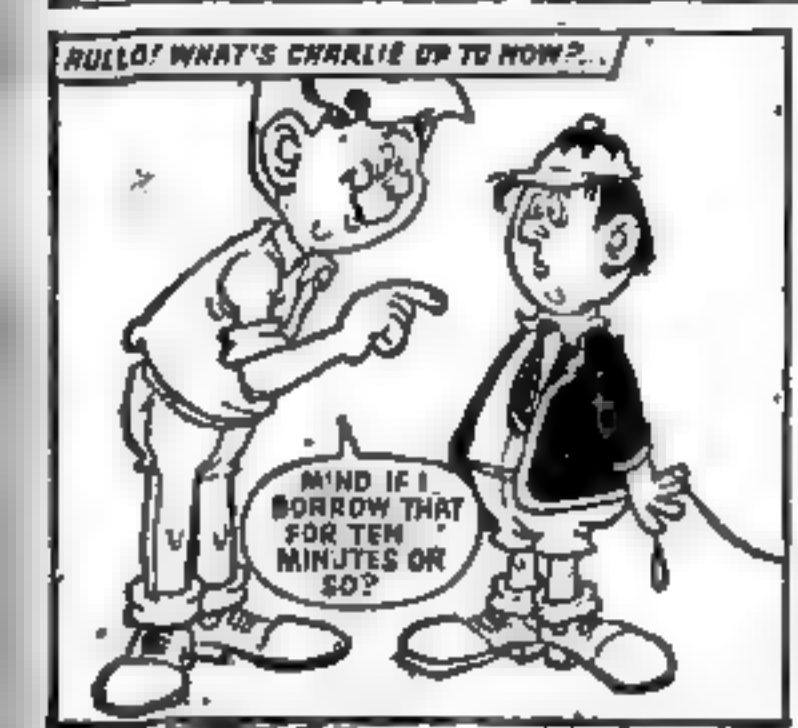

RAGH!
GET OUT OF IT, YOU TWERP!




SPLAT


COO! HOW DO I GET HIM BACK TO THE TELLY NOW? HE'S OUT COLD!

IDEA!


HULLO! WHAT'S CHARLIE UP TO NOW?...
MIND IF I BORROW THAT FOR TEN MINUTES OR SO?

A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE! BURBLE! BURBLE!
NO! NO! THAT'S THE ONLY HORSE HE'S FIT FOR RIGHT NOW!

Yes! You can win Anglo Ace's own watch... the watch he relies on in his relentless fight against crime. Anglo Ace has had 1,000 copies of his watch made for you to win... and every watch bears his name!

- **Adjustable time bezel**
- **17-jewel movement**
- **Date calendar**
- **Waterproof**
- **Anti-magnetic**
- **Unbreakable main spring**

HERE'S HOW TO WIN! ...look at Anglo Ace's special anti-crime equipment marked A, B, C, D, E and F and place them in their order of importance to Anglo Ace in his fight against the evil forces of international criminals. For example, if you think that the Bubble Gun is Ace's most important piece of equipment, write a letter A against box number 1 on the entry form and so on down the list.

You may have as many tries as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by ONE Bubbly wrapper and ONE wrapper from either Peak, Tip Top, Candy Gum or Black Cat.

Complete your entry by telling us which is your favourite ANGLO bubble gum and why. Then fill in your name, age and address and post your entry form, together with the correct number of wrappers, to: Anglo Ace Watch Competition, 2-6 Marian Road, London SW16. Hurry! The competition closes on 24 June 1967.

TRY ALL THESE DELICIOUS ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS!

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write to us at 2-6 Marian Road, London SW16.

Rules

The competition is open to children resident in the UK, under the age of sixteen, except children of employees of Anglo Confectionery Ltd., their advertising agents and anyone directly connected with the competition.

The judges' decision is final and legally binding in all competition matters. Correspondence is not allowed. AGE WILL BE TAKEN FULLY INTO ACCOUNT.

Any number of entry lines may be submitted provided that for each line entered, one Bubbly wrapper plus one wrapper from either Peak, Tip Top, Candy Gum or Black Cat is enclosed.

Closing date for entries 24 June 1967. Entries must be legible and made on yellow paper. Responsibility is not accepted for entries lost, delayed, mislaid or damaged.

All winners will be notified by post, and a list of their names will be available for inspection after 25 July 1967, at the offices of Anglo Confectionery Ltd, Holgate, York. Full rules available on request from 2-6 Marian Road, London SW16.

Please complete this entry form in block letters

Fill in this form and send it with the correct number of wrappers to:

ANGLO ACE WATCH COMPETITION
2-6 Marian Road London SW16

Write equipment letters A-F in each Toy Column you enter

	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						

Complete the following sentence in not more than ten words:

My favourite Anglo bubble gum is _____ because _____

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the rules of this contest. I enclose ___ Bubbly wrappers and ___ wrappers from either Peak, Tip Top, Candy Gum or Black Cat.

First name _____ Age _____

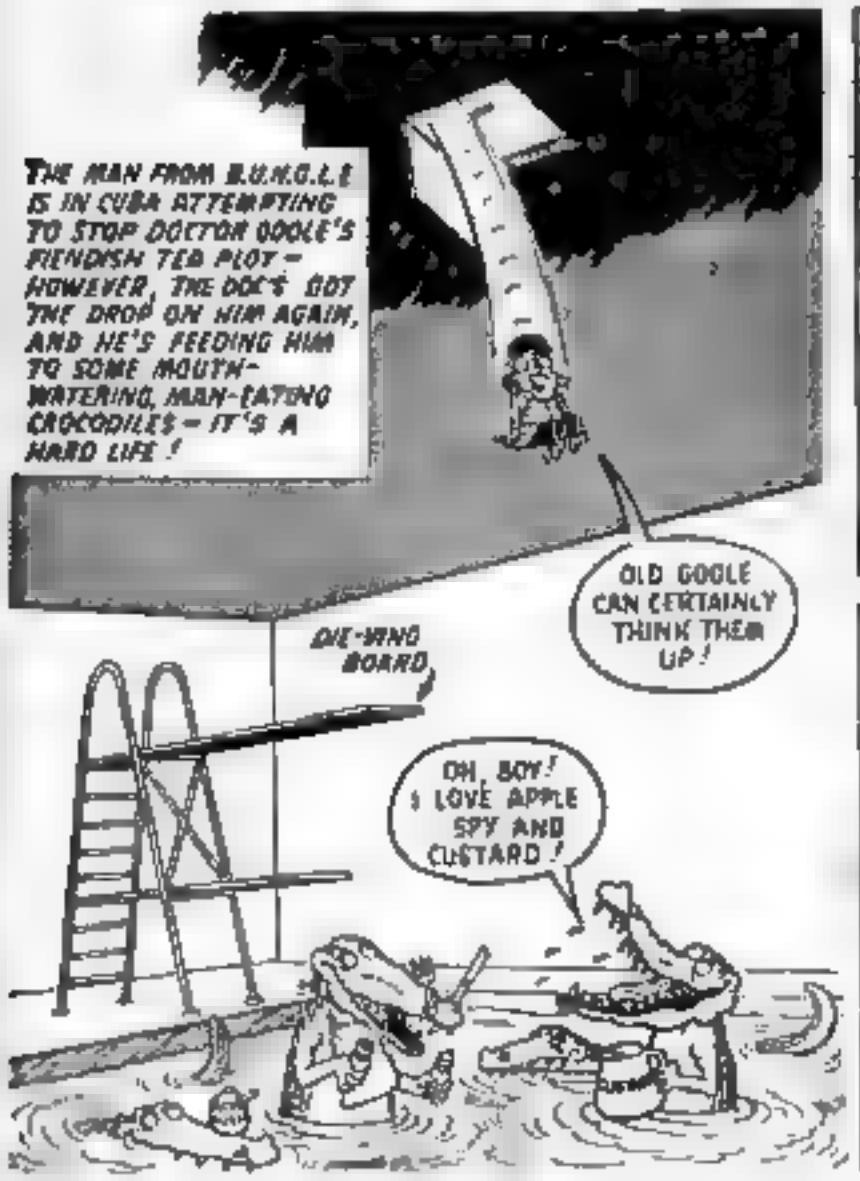
Surname _____

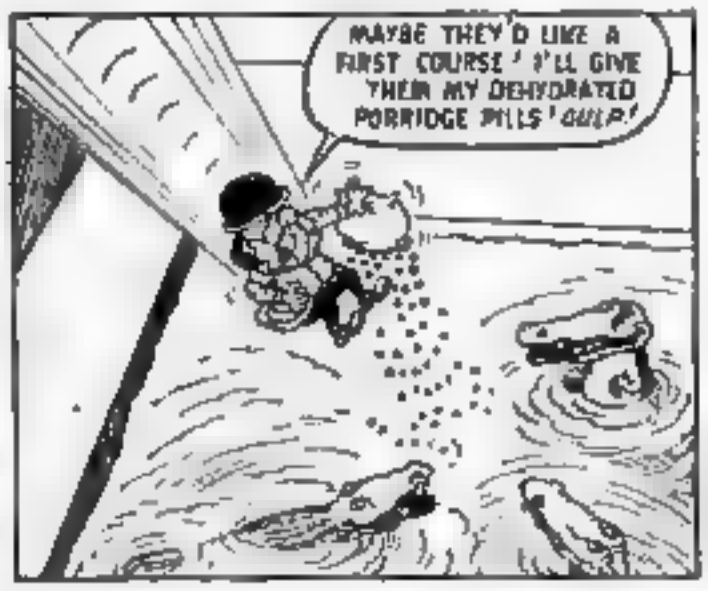
Address _____

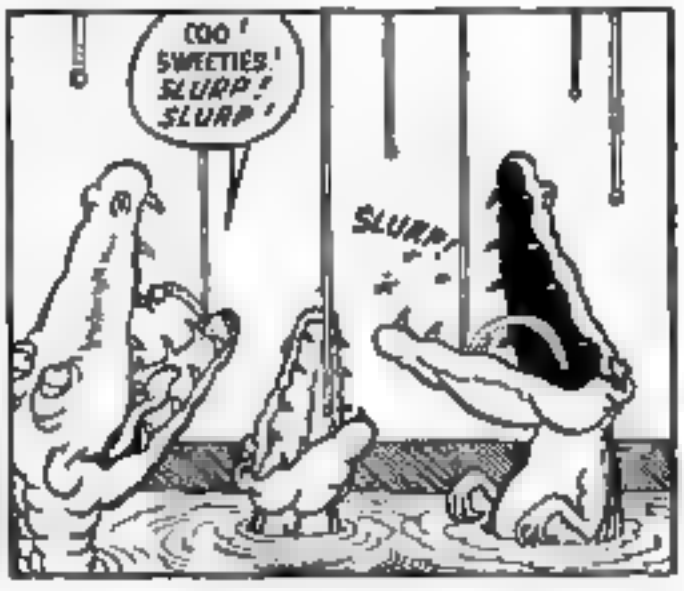
Town _____ County _____

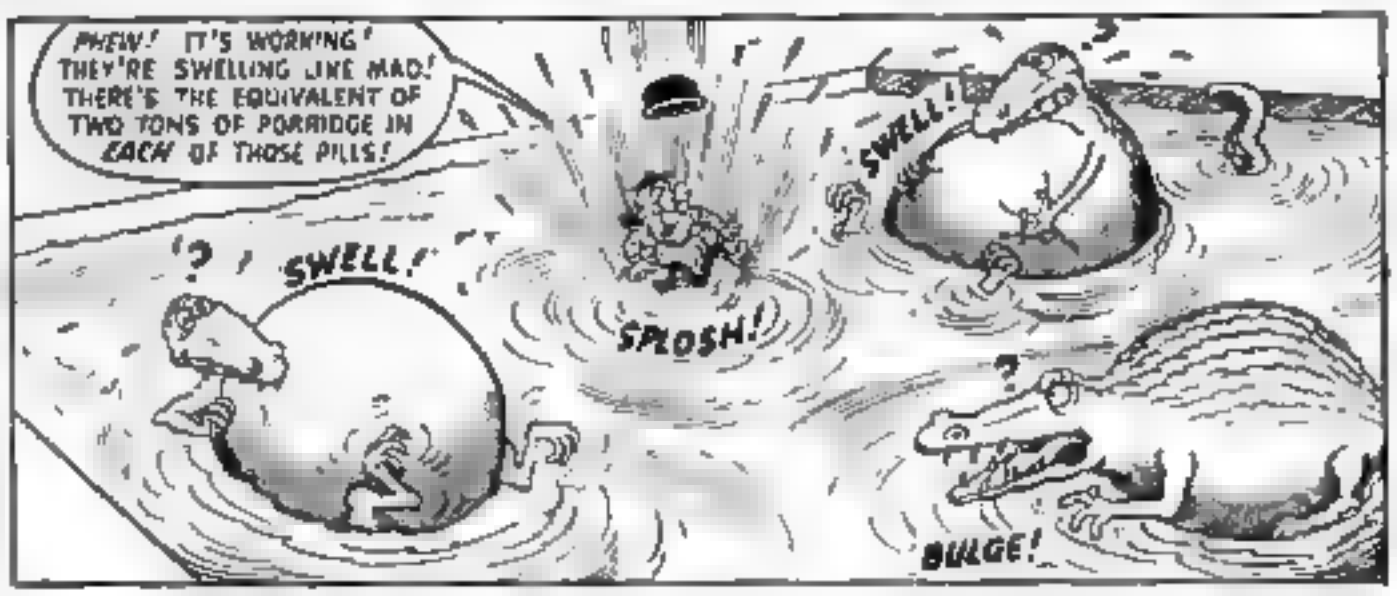
S.M.1

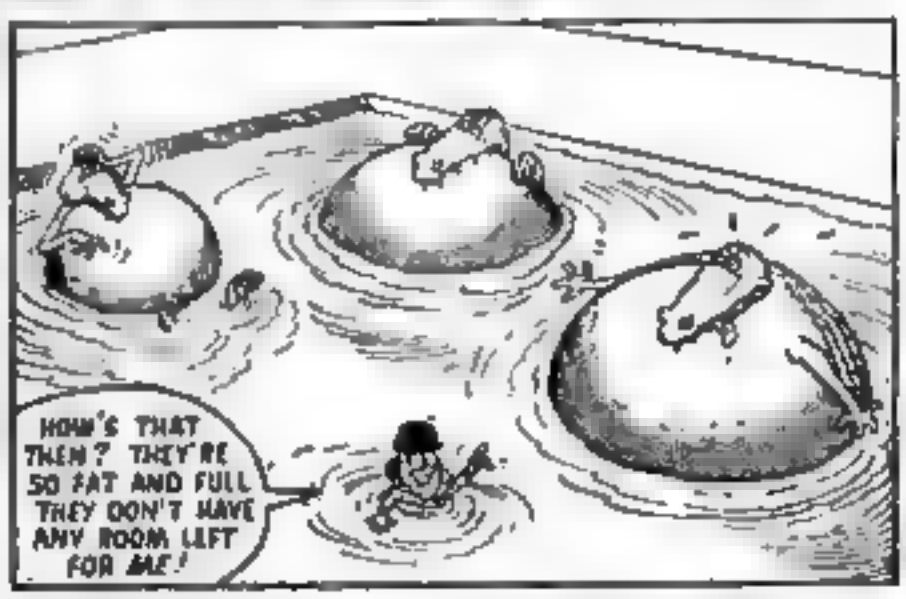
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

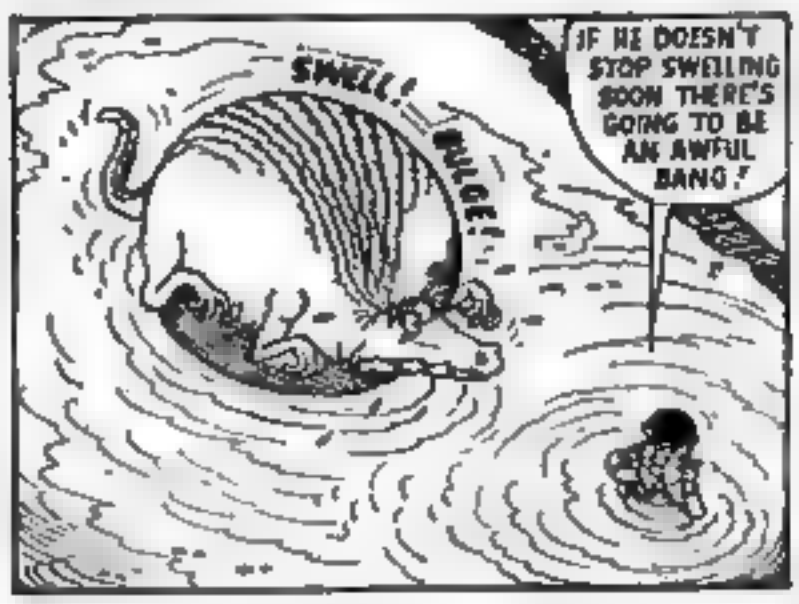












YAHOO! UP WE GO! JUST HOPE THAT TRAP-DOOR'S STILL OPEN UP THERE!
WEEEE!
BYOING!

HEH! HEH! THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF THAT CLOT FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.—NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW!
THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE!
ZOOM!

CRASH!
YOU WOULDN'T CHUCKLE!
ERK! TERRIBLY LOW CEILINGS THEY HAVE HERE! GULP!

SUFFERING SUGAR CUBES! IT S ZE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.! I THOUGHT HE WAS ZE ALL NOSHED UP!
ER— HELLO! G-GULP!
CRASH!

ESCAPE PLAN NUMBER N NETY SEVEN— RUN LIKE BLINKING MAD! GULP!
LITTLE FOOL! HE CANNOT ESCAPE!

TIME FOR ZE TEA BREAK! SNIGGER!
SPLOT!

SEIZE HIM, BOY! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! NO! SEND FOR JAMES BOND! THE ROTTEN TWERPS ARE USING THEIR DIABOLICAL SUGAR CUBES ON ME! I'M DOOMED!

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
COO! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HELP! SAVE ME!
INDEED I WILL! I'LL SAVE YOU FOR MYSELF! CACKLE!

GASP!
AAGH! SO THAT'S WHAT HE WAS RUNNING FROM! SAVE ME!

AAGH! GASP! SAVE ME, MEN! CALL OUT THE GUARD! GASP! GASP!
COO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! DON'T TELL ME I'VE WON THIS WEEK!

OOPS! WE'VE RUN OUT OF PICTURES—BUT WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK, LARRY! HEH! HEH!

Bill learns the hard way

Cigarettes harm your health

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS THE LEGEND TESTERS HAVE TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE METAL MEN.

THEY HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO METURN, THE HOME PLANET OF THE METAL MEN... AND TWO OF THE METAL MEN ARE ABOUT TO CUT THEM TO PIECES TO DISCOVER WHAT THEIR BODIES ARE MADE OF!

THEY THINK WE'RE MADE OF SOME KIND OF METAL LIKE THEY ARE! THEY'RE GOING TO USE CUTTING TORCHES ON US!

BUT, JUST AS THE GIANTS EXPERIMENT IS AB[illegible] BEGIN THE VAST L[illegible] ROCKS AND SHUD[illegible]S

HIGH ON A WALL AN ALARM CHIRILLS!

WHIL!

THE RED ALARM IS SOUNDED FOR ONE EMERGENCY ONLY!

THE MOMENT WE'VE ALL DREADED HAS ARRIVED! MEVRO IS ATTACKING!

SO GREAT IS THE URGENCY THAT ALL ELSE 'S FORGOTTEN!

WHEN THE RED ALARM SOUNDS EVERYONE MUST GO TO HIS ALLOTED POINT OF DEFENCE! HURRY! HURRY!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE CITY IS MEVRO, THE WOULD-BE RULER OF THE PLANET!

I BELIEVE THAT MALU'S MEN HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW SOURCE OF THE PRECIOUS METAL THAT ALL OF US HERE ON METURN NEED IN ORDER FOR OUR RACE TO SURVIVE!

BUT IT SHALL BE I, MEVRO WHO PROFITS FROM THE DISCOVERY! IT SHALL BE MY FOLLOWERS WHO SURVIVE — AND MALU'S PEOPLE WHO WITHER AWAY!

THE VIBRATOR IS RECHARGED, MEVRO!

GOOD! STRIKE AT THE CITY AGAIN! LET MALU FEEL THE MIGHT OF THIS WONDROUS NEW WEAPON WE HAVE CONSTRUCTED!

AGAIN THE GROUND SHUDDERS WITH INCREDIBLE VIOLENCE AS MEVRO'S MEN OPERATE THEIR VIBRATOR MACHINE!

AA-AAAAAAH!

THE URGENT SOUND OF THE RED ALARM DEVICES FILLS THE CITY, SUMMONING METAL MEN FROM WHATEVER THEY'RE DOING!

WAIL-L-L!

EVEN THOSE WHO ARE PREPARING THE GREAT SPACE SHIP FOR ITS CONQUERING JOURNEY TO EARTH, CEASE THEIR WORK AND HASTEN TO OBEY THE COMMAND...

THE CITY IS UNDER ATTACK!

QUICKLY! MEVRO HAS STRUCK!

AND IN THE LABORATORY, ROLLO AND DANNY, HELPLESS AND FORGOTTEN, FACE A NEW AND TERRIBLE DANGER!

THE FLOOR IS TILTING AND THAT LIGHTED CUTTING TORCH IS SLIDING TOWARDS YOU, ROLLO!

IT'S STOPPED SLIDING — BARELY AN INCH FROM MY ARM!

AND THE FLAME'S CUTTING THROUGH THE METAL STRAP THAT PINS MY ARM TO THE TABLE!

WITHIN SECONDS, ROLLO'S ARM IS FREE!

MY WRIST IS SLIGHTLY SCORCHED — BUT IT'S A SMALL PRICE TO PAY!

IT WON'T TAKE A MOMENT TO UNFASTEN THESE OTHER STRAPS — AND THEN I'LL FREE YOU, DANNY!

BUT WHAT NOW, ROLLO? IF WE SHOW OUR NOSES OUTSIDE, THE METAL MEN WILL KNOCK US OVER IN A FLASH! ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS POINT A FINGER AT US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DANNY! WE CAN'T FIGHT THAT SPECIAL POWER OF THEIRS!

THE ANSWER MUST LIE HERE, INSIDE THIS LABORATORY!

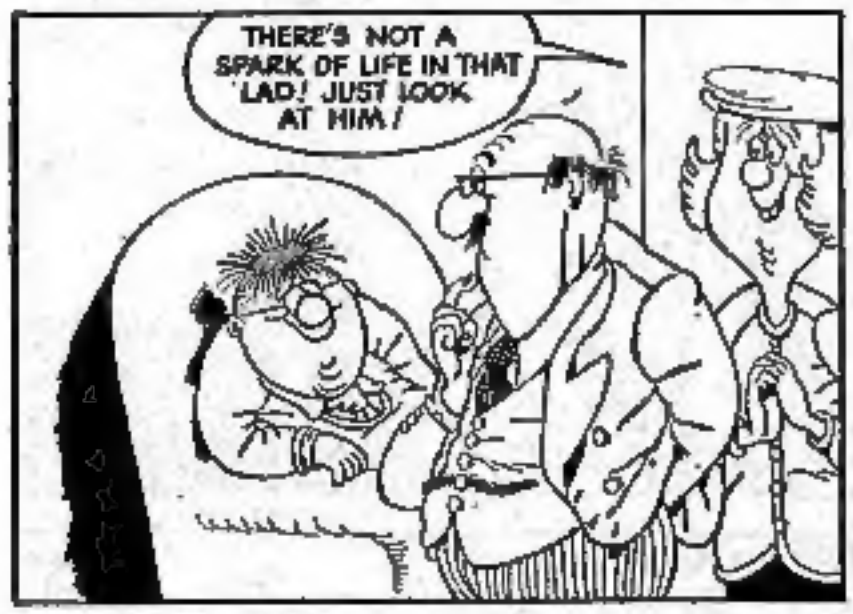
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THIS PLACE IS FULL OF EQUIPMENT! MAYBE WE CAN CONSTRUCT SOME KIND OF WEAPON THAT WILL ENABLE US TO FIGHT THE METAL MEN!

AND SO, AS THE TWO OPPOSING FACTIONS OF THE METAL MEN WAR AGAINST EACH OTHER, WITHIN THE LABORATORY ANOTHER BATTLE TAKES PLACE! A BATTLE AGAINST TIME, WITH LIFE AND DEATH AS THE STAKES!

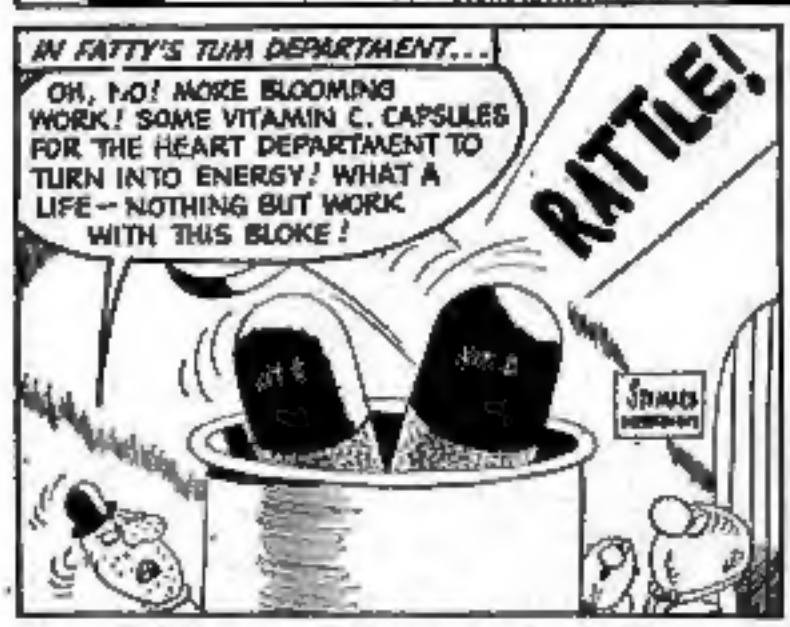
NEXT WEEK: THE MOMENT OF TEST!

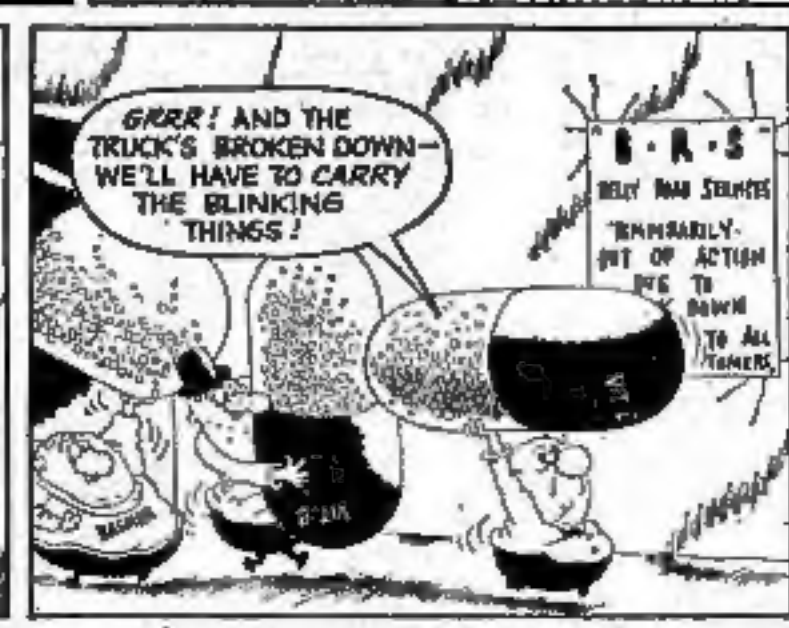
THE NERVS

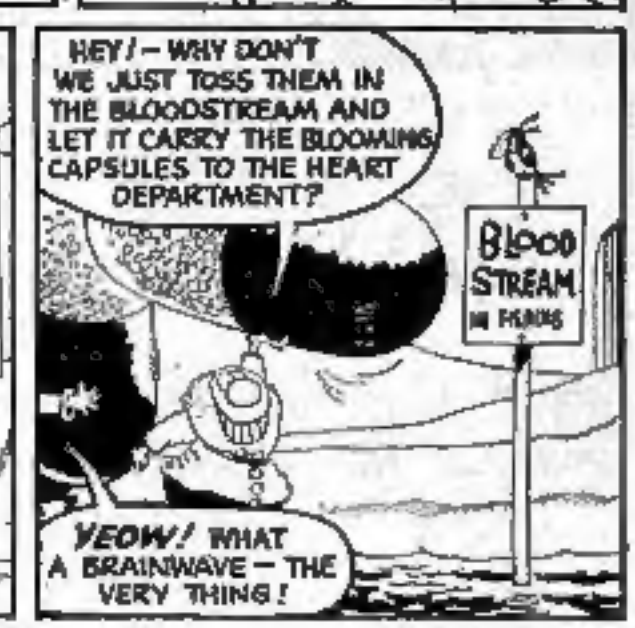

THERE'S NOT A SPARK OF LIFE IN THAT LAD! JUST LOOK AT HIM!

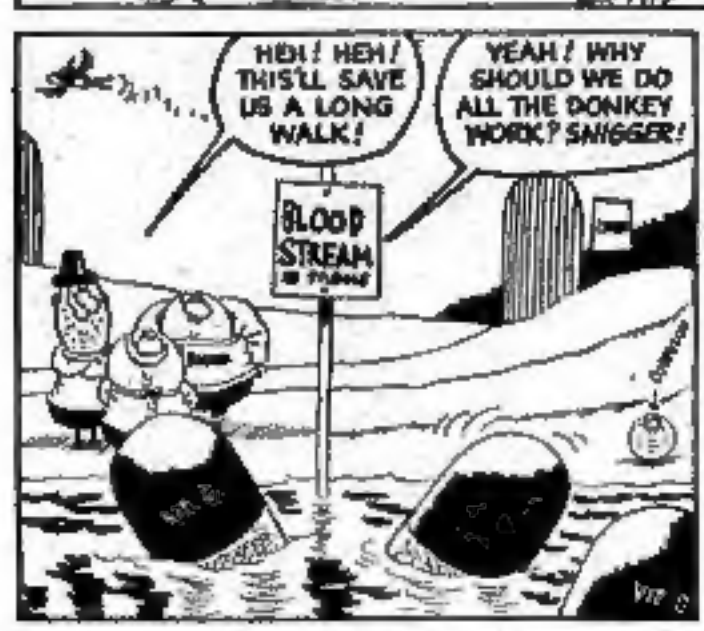
HE'S PROBABLY A BIT RUN-DOWN— HERE'S A PRESCRIPTION FOR SOME VITAMIN C. CAPSULES— THEY'LL ENRICH HIS BLOOD AND PEP HIM UP!
RIGHT, DOCTOR! I'LL NIP ROUND TO THE CHEMIST AND GET THEM!

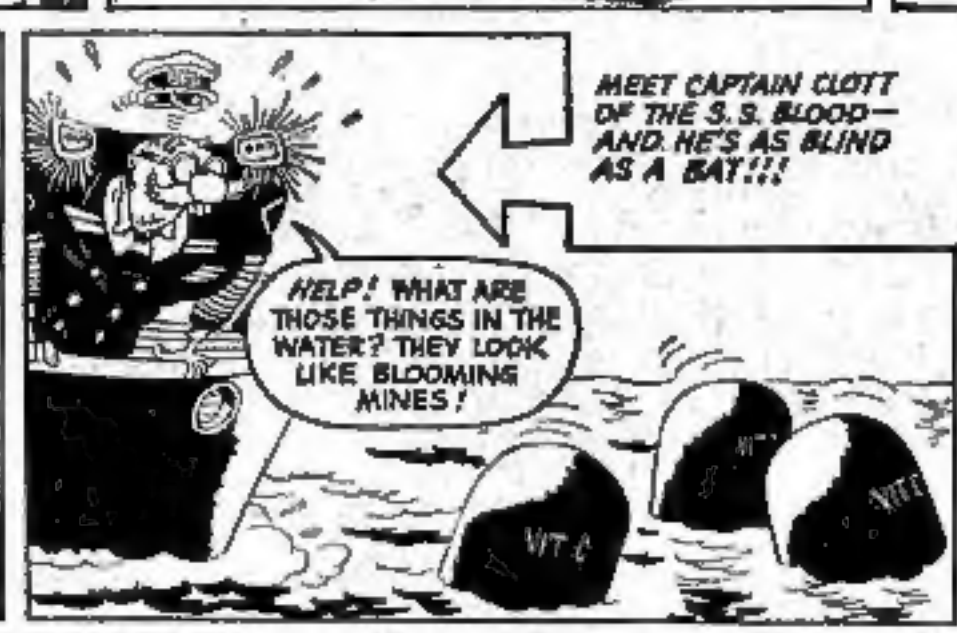
LATER...
THAT'S IT—OPEN UP— THIS LOT WILL DO YOU MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE SWEETS AND OTHER RUBBISH YOU USUALLY EAT!
?


IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...
OH, NO! MORE BLOOMING WORK! SOME VITAMIN C. CAPSULES FOR THE HEART DEPARTMENT TO TURN INTO ENERGY! WHAT A LIFE— NOTHING BUT WORK WITH THIS BLOKE!
RATTLE!

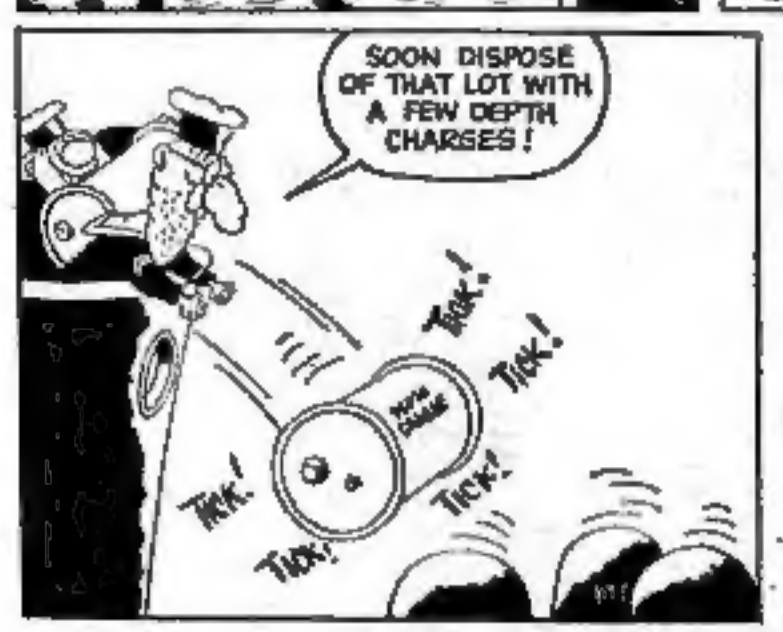

GRRR! AND THE TRUCK'S BROKEN DOWN— WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY THE BLINKING THINGS!
S·R·S


HEY!— WHY DON'T WE JUST TOSS THEM IN THE BLOODSTREAM AND LET IT CARRY THE BLOOMING CAPSULES TO THE HEART DEPARTMENT?
BLOOD STREAM
YEOW! WHAT A BRAINWAVE— THE VERY THING!


HEH! HEH! THIS'LL SAVE US A LONG WALK!
YEAH! WHY SHOULD WE DO ALL THE DONKEY WORK? SNIGGER!
BLOOD STREAM


MEET CAPTAIN CLOTT OF THE S.S. BLOOD— AND HE'S AS BLIND AS A BAT!!!
HELP! WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS IN THE WATER? THEY LOOK LIKE BLOOMING MINES!

ACTION STATIONS! ACTION STATIONS! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!


SOON DISPOSE OF THAT LOT WITH A FEW DEPTH CHARGES!
TICK!
TICK!
TICK!
TICK!
TICK!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

WAA-AAH! MY BLOOD'S ERUPTING!
BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!
HEH! HEH! THOSE CAPSULES MUST BE WORKING! FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN HIM MOVE FOR DAYS!

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER! I THOUGHT MY INSIDE WAS BLOWING UP!
HUH! THE EFFECT DIDN'T LAST LONG!
MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE S.S. BLOOD...
GOT 'EM ALL! NOTHING TO IT WHEN YOU'RE BRILLIANT!
AAGH! YOU CLOT! YOU'VE UNBALANCED THE DEPTH CHARGES!
RUMBLE!
WAA-AAH! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THERE'S GOING TO BE ONE AWFUL EXPLOSION!
RUMBLE!
TICK! TICK! FIZZ! FIZZLE! TICK!
ABANDON DECK!
BOOM!
COO! FATTY REALLY FELT THAT ONE...
AAGH! IT'S STARTED AGAIN! MY BLOOD'S BOILING!
BOOM!
SOME PILLS, EH?
I AM NOT SITTING DOWN AGAIN— IT'S A TEN MILE WALK FOR ME!
WHOOOSH!
THOSE VITAMIN C. CAPSULES SURE DID THE TRICK! DID YOU SEE HIM MOVE THERE?
BUT IN THE HEART DEPARTMENT, SOMEONE DOESN'T AGREE.
VITAMIN C. CAPSULES? WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT? WE DIDN'T GET ANY VITAMIN C. CAPSULES!
COO! LOOKS LIKE THE TUM NERVS ARE TAKING IT EASY...
HEH! HEH! WHAT DOES IT MATTER— THEY DID THE TRICK, DIDN'T THEY?
BLOOD STREAM
MEANWHILE...
BOO! HOO! OUR LOVELY SHIP—ALL SUNK! WAAH!
BAH! IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THOSE VITAMIN C CAPSULES—THEY DID IT!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

AHA! HERE'S LUTO WITH THE CROOKS' GAZETTE – WE'LL SOON SEE IF THERE ARE ANY NICE, EASY JOBS FOR ME AND THE LADS!

GRR! OLD SLOBBER-CHOPS SOAKS THE PAPER EVERY MORNING! GRRR!

WHY DON'T YOU FETCH IT YOURSELF THEN?

BAH! NOW THE INK'S RUN – THE TYPE'S ALL SMUDGED! HOW AM I MEANT TO READ IT?

CROOKS' GAZETTE

YEOW! HALF A MO' THOUGH – WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE – ER – YES – IT'S THE – ER – PALACE BALL AT JOLLYWOOD PALACE TONIGHT! YAHOO!

FEENDISH FLATS

HEH! HEH! THIS WILL BE EASY PICKINGS, IT'LL JUST BE A LOT OF OLD STODGY PEOPLE THERE! HA! HA!

A MUG! THAT'S ME! GASP! GASP!

ZOOM

COME ON, SQUELCH – WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE ALL DAY AND COME OUT AT NIGHT! SNIGGER!

MUST THINK WE'RE BLOOMING STARS!

THIS'LL DO FOR YOU – IN YOU GO, SQUELCH LAD!

THIS GETS POTTIER EVERY MINUTE!

STOP! STOP, THIEF! PUT THAT POTTED PALM DOWN!

HELP! IT'S THE BUTLER! HE'S SPOTTED US!

POTTED THEN SPOTTED!

???

DESIST, MY GOOD MAN! WE ARE MERELY CHECKING THIS FINE PLANT FOR WOODWORM – WE CAN'T CHANCE IT SPREADING TO LADY LOLLY'S WOODEN KNEECAPS, CAN WE?

BY JOVE, THAT WOULD INDEED BE A CALAMITY, SIR – WOODWORM, YOU SAY?

INDEED! INDEED! SNIGGER!

COO! THERE'S ONE ON YOUR NUT, GUV! THAT'S KILLED IT THOUGH! HEH! HEH!

AAGH, SIR!

BLATTER!

COME ON, SQUELCH, WE'LL HAVE A KIP BEHIND THE FIRST EARL UNTIL THE BALL!

SNIGGER! EARLY TO BED!

LATER...

HEH! HEH! HERE THEY COME, SQUELCH! GET READY FOR A SNATCH!

RUMBLE OF VOICES

AAGH! NO!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

C-COPS!

GRR! YOU MUSHY-MOUTHED TWERP! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU SMUDGED THE TYPE – IT WAS THE POLICE BALL NOT THE PALACE BALL! WAA-AAH!

THAT'S IT – BLAME ME! OUCH!